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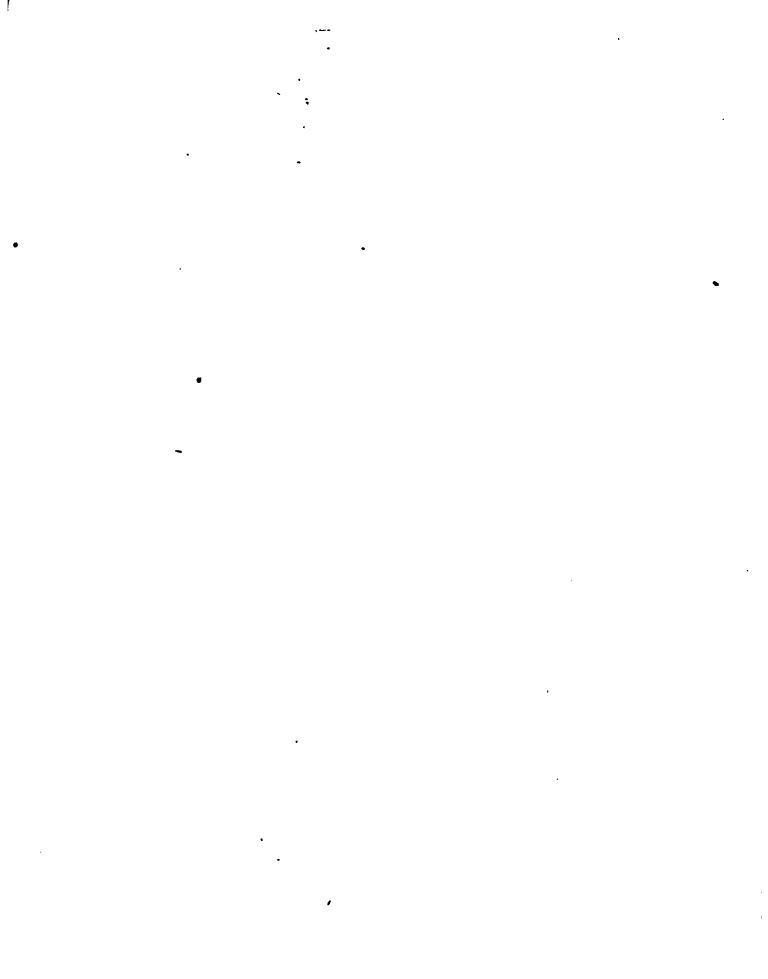




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SKETCH
OF
THE LIFE AND ORATORY
OF
JOHN B. GOUGH.

BY THE
REV. WILLIAM REID.

GLASGOW: SCOTTISH TEMPERANCE LEAGUE.
OFFICE—52 QUEEN STREET.

EDINBURGH: JOHNSTONE AND HUNTER; JOHN DICKSON.

MANCHESTER: WILLIAM BREMNER.

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1854.

PREFATORY NOTE.

THE extraordinary interest occasioned by the visit of Mr Gough to this country has excited a general desire to know something of his history. In his Autobiography and public addresses he has supplied, to a great extent, the means of its gratification ; but as many things are known and said of him which a commendable delicacy forbids him to be the channel of communicating to others, and as the interest he has excited extends far beyond those whom his voice may reach, we have been induced to attempt, not only a sketch of his life, but a description of his oratory. For the former, we must be mainly indebted to his own published account of himself ; and for the latter, to what we have seen and heard.

EDINBURGH, *June*, 1854.



SKETCH.

PART FIRST.

BOYHOOD, DOMESTIC PRIVATIONS, AND DISSIPATION.

ABOUT forty years ago, a soldier, on passing along the street, picked up a shilling—a glance was sufficient to excite suspicions as to its genuineness; but the temptation to make something of it prevented any farther examination. Entering a beer-shop, it was speedily exchanged for what did not certainly, intrinsically, exceed it in value; but it had no sooner changed hands than conscience told the finder he had done wrong. Days passed, and the day of rest came, but it brought no peace to a mind ill at ease. In desperation, the soldier sought refuge in the house of God. As the minister prayed, he might have been seen bowing his head; he felt and feared as if the preacher knew the workings of his troubled breast. The text which was announced only added to his agitation: 'Ye have sold yourselves for nought, and ye shall be redeemed without money;' but, as the sermon proceeded, fear gave place to tranquillity, and that day impressions were made on one heart, at least, which all the

vicissitudes and turmoil of a life spent in barracks, camps, and on the field of battle, could not efface. Next Sabbath found the soldier back again, and along with him several of his companions. Each new Sabbath gave the congregation more of a military aspect, till not fewer than forty or fifty soldiers were in regular attendance. The distance from the barracks being several miles, a place of meeting was opened in a village close by, and in that humble chapel not a few hearts yielded to the influence of the cross of Christ; and testimony was borne by more than one, when expiring amid the carnage of war, that 'this man, and that man were born there.' An intimacy sprung up between the soldier who had found the coin and the woman who took charge of the place of meeting, which in due course resulted in their marriage. Such is the history of the union of John Gough's parents.

On the 22d of August, 1817, John first saw the light of day, in the town of Sandgate, county of Kent, a romantic little watering-place, much resorted to during the summer months. Of his father he says:—'His military habits had become as a second nature with him. Stern discipline had been taught him in a severe school; and it being impossible for him to cast off old associations, he was not calculated to win the deep affections of a child, although, in every respect, he deserved and possessed my love. He received his discharge from the army in the year 1823.'

It is doubtless to his mother he is mainly indebted for that deep religious feeling which forms so prominent a feature in the changed character of his manhood. She it was who poured into his receptive mind the elements of religious knowledge,

lifted his little hands, and taught his little tongue to lisp in prayer, guarded him with something like an angel's vigilance, through all his helpless years, and transferred to him the complexion of her own mind and spirit. How well Mrs Gough performed a mother's duty is gratefully acknowledged; and thousands bless her as they read the thrilling story of her son's history. 'Her heart,' says he, 'was a fountain, whence the pure waters of affection never ceased to flow. Her very being seemed twined with mine, and ardently did I return her love. For the long space of twenty years she had occupied the then prominent position of school-mistress in the village, and frequently planted the first principles of knowledge in the minds of children, whose parents had, years before, been benefited by her early instructions. And well qualified by nature and acquirements was she for the interesting but humble office she filled, if a kindly heart and a well-stored mind be the requisites.'

When lecturing, lately, upon the subject of 'Habit,' before a crowded meeting, in Exeter Hall, London, he bore the following testimony to her influence upon his mind:—

'I remember the teachings of a praying, pious mother. That mother was very poor, but she was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility, and she had a patent signed and sealed with his blood. She died a pauper, and was buried without a shroud and without a prayer; but she left her children the legacy of a mother's prayer, and the Lord God Almighty was the executor of her last will and testament. That mother taught me to pray, and in early life I had acquired the habit of praying. She, with the assistance of teachers in the Sabbath

school, had helped to store my mind with passages of scripture. And, young men, we do not forget that which we learn. It may be buried—it may be hid away in some obscure corner of the heart; but, by and by, circumstances will reveal to us the fact, that we know much more than we dreamed we knew. After that mother's death I went out into the world; exposed to temptation, I fell,—I acquired bad habits; for seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth like an un-blessed spirit—wandering, whipped, over a burning desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry, hot sand. The livery of my master had become to me a garment of burning poison, bound with the fetters of evil habit—evil habit like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage, and yet with a desire—oh, how fervent!—to stand where I had once hoped to stand. Seven years of darkness, seven years of dissipation, seven years of sin! There I stood. Ah! says one, what is the effect now of a mother's teaching, and of a mother's prayers—of Sabbath school instruction, and of your good habits that you formed in early life? Oh! I stood there—I remember it well—feeling my own weakness, feeling that “the way of transgressors is hard,” and that “the wages of sin is death”—feeling in my heart of hearts all the bitterness that arises from the consciousness of powers that God had given to me, wasted, conscious that I had been chasing the bubble pleasure and finding nothing, gaining nothing by it,—there I stood; that mother had passed to heaven. I remember one night sitting with her in the garret, and we had no candle. She said to me, “John, I am growing

blind ; I don't feel it much ; but you are young—it is hard for you ; but never mind. John, there's no night there, there's no need of any candle there—'the Lamb is the light thereof.'” She has changed that dark, gloomy garret, to bask in the sunshine of her Saviour's smiles. But was her influence lost? No. As I stood, feeling my own weakness, knowing that I could not resist temptation, it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed had spanned the dark gap of seven years of sin and dissipation, and struck the heart and opened it.'

There was a happy point in the remark of an eminent college president, that 'the Almighty had educated Mr Gough.' Since twelve years of age he has been in neither day nor Sabbath school, and previous to that he was favoured with the merest elements of education. 'Of course, I received,' says he, 'my first lessons at home ; but as I advanced in years, it became advisable that I should be sent to a school, and in one I was accordingly placed.' There was a free-school in the village, but my father possessed too much independence to allow him to send me to a charity seminary, and, though he could ill afford it, paid a weekly sum for my instruction to Mr Davis of Folkstone. I progressed rapidly in my limited education, and became a teacher in the school. Two classes, as was the custom, were placed under my care ; the children of one of them I initiated into the art and mystery of spelling words of two syllables, and taught the Rule of Three to a class more advanced.'

When but a child, that love for the romantic, deep sympathy with nature, and passionate sentimentalism, which throws such a charm around his public address, began to discover itself.

'I was now,' says he, 'about eight years of age, and having a keen taste for the beauties of nature, was often to be found roaming on Sandgate beach, gazing with wonder on the great deep, and, as I listened to its everlasting moan, little dreaming that three thousand miles beyond was a land in which my lot would one day be cast. There was an old castle, too, in the vicinity, which had been built years ago—ages to my boyish mind—by Henry the Eighth. I became a great favourite of the keeper of this ancient place, and having acquired some knowledge of the bluff king Hal, I used to wander through the desolate court-yards where the rank grass grew; sit in deserted, windowless chambers, where the bat nestled and the owl screamed, or gaze from turret and battlement on the surrounding scenery. And I would in fancy people the place with its old inhabitants, and see plumed cavaliers and ruffled dames pacing the corridors, or surrounding the groaning board. Katherine of Arragon, and Ann Boleyn, with Henry's other wives, flitted by me. I lived, as it were, on the past; and thus, almost unconsciously, my imagination was cultured, and my mind imbued with a love of history and poetry. Among other circumstances connected with this period of my life, I well remember one which much impressed me. The venerable and devoted William Wilberforce resided, during a few of the summer months, at Sandgate, for the benefit of his health. I had heard much of the great philanthropist, and was not a little delighted when my father took me to his lodgings, where a prayer-meeting was held. How it was, I know not, but I attracted Mr Wilberforce's attention. He patted me on the head, said

many kind things, and expressed wishes for my welfare. He also presented me with a book, and wrote with his own hand my name on the fly-leaf. Having acquired some reputation as a good reader, he requested me to read to him. I did so, and he expressed himself as much pleased. The book presented to me, I long since lost, but never shall I forget the kindly words of the venerable giver.'

'During my father's absence in the wars, my mother's circumstances were very straitened, although, in addition to school-keeping, she worked industriously at making a kind of lace then very fashionable, and in the manufacture of which article she greatly excelled. On one occasion, when our necessities absolutely required extra exertion, she took her basket of work, and travelled eight and a half weary miles to the town of Dover. Arrived there, foot-sore and heart-weary, she threaded the streets and lanes with her lace, seeking for customers, but not one did she find; and after reluctantly abandoning the pursuit, she once more turned her face towards her home—a home desolate indeed.'

In such a woman's energy and fortitude, we discover a heroism outrivalling her husband's courage on the field of battle. Moral sublimity is not to be found only on the arena of mighty conflict. Within many a woman's heart there is a courage which no annals of bravery can surpass; and on the humble sphere of domestic life there have often been prepared better blessings for the world than the greatest victory ever secured. The soul that amid circumstances so discouraging bravely meets hardships before which others would have sunk, and implants in the

infant mind the seeds of a life fruitful in good deeds, deserves well at the world, which gains by a virtue so lofty. Who that has risen from poverty to affluence knows not that it is in the days of privation that the providence of God is most distinctly seen! This fact was strikingly exemplified in connection with this profitless journey with the basket and lace.

‘Painful, bitterly painful,’ says Mr Gough in his Autobiography, ‘were my mother’s reflections, as she drew near her door, and when she rested her dreadfully tired frame, she had nothing in the house with which to recruit her strength. During her absence, a gentleman had sent for me to the library, and was so pleased with my reading, that he made me a present of five shillings. O how rich I was! Never had I possessed so vast an amount of money before, and all imaginable modes of spending it flitted before my fancy. I went to play with some other boys until my mother’s return from Dover; and soon afterwards, on entering our house, I found her sitting in her chair, bathed in tears. I asked her what was the matter, when she drew me close to her, and looking in my face, with a mournful expression which I shall never forget, informed me that all her weary journey had been fruitless—she had sold nothing. O with what joy I drew the crown-piece and the sixpence from my pocket, and placed them in her hand; and with what delightful feelings we knelt down, whilst she poured out her heart in thankfulness to God, for the relief so seasonably provided! My mother gave me a halfpenny for myself, and I felt happier then than I did when I received the shining silver crown-piece: it was *all* my own, to do as I liked with—to keep

or spend. What an inestimable privilege! I can, in all sincerity, say, that never have I received money since then which has afforded me such solid satisfaction; and some of my most pleasant reminiscences are circumstances connected with that boyish incident.'

Like all other boys, his amusements sometimes consisted in personifying a preacher, while, with a mimic gravity seldom equalled, he went through the various parts of a religious service; and sometimes they were varied by a Punch and Judy exhibition, vastly superior to that of many a strolling performer. In all these amusements his chief companion was a younger sister, who has all along clung to him with that devoted affection which sisters only manifest.

His father having returned from the wars, the question came to be discussed, what was to be made of John. He had now reached the age of twelve. The boy's spirit being above any service of a menial nature, and his parents' means not admitting of procuring for him a trade, an agreement was made with a family emigrating from the village to America, that for the sum of ten guineas they should take him along with them, teach him a trade, and provide for him till he had reached the age of twenty-one. Fired with that love of adventure so common to youth, John eagerly seconded the proposal, and on the 4th of June, 1829, he took farewell of his native village. The parting with his parents was deeply affecting. 'My poor mother,' says he, 'folded me to her bosom, then she would hold me off at arm's length and gaze fondly on my face, through her tearful eyes reading, only as a mother could, the book of futurity for

me.' As he passed through the streets many a kind hand waved a farewell, and not a few familiar voices sounded out a hearty 'God bless you.' Old Granny Hoghen who kept the green grocery, actually loaded him with bull's eyes, cakes, candles, and good wishes. From the roof of the London night coach, the form of a crouching female by a low wall, caught his eye—it was his mother taking another look of her son.

On the 10th of June he sailed from the Thames in the ship *Helen*. Passing Dover, she arrived off Sandgate on Sunday, when it fell a dead calm, and the ship's anchors were dropped. In the course of the day several boats came off from the shore, in one of which was his father; his mother and sister having gone to chapel. As evening came on, boat after boat left, and he went to bed. At midnight he was aroused and called on deck. There he found his mother and sister, who hearing on their return home that he was in the offing, paid half a guinea for another short hour with the object of their affection.

At length he found a refuge from his grief in sleep, and when he awoke in the morning he found a breeze bearing them gallantly on their way. Here again the influence of a godly mother comes into view :—

'Occasionally, on looking over my little stock of worldly goods, I would find little billets or papers, containing texts of scripture, pinned to the different articles. In my Bible, texts of scripture were marked for me to commit to memory; amongst them, I remember, were the 2d, 3d, 4th, and 5th chapters of Proverbs. As we voyaged on, I soon began to feel a difference

in my new situation ; and often did I bitterly contrast the treatment I received, with that to which I had been accustomed at home. I wished myself back again : but the die was cast, and so I put up with disagreeables as well as I could. On the morning of the 2d of August, fifty-four days from the time of sailing, we arrived off Sandy Hook ; and O how I longed, as we sailed up the Narrows, to be on deck, and survey the scenery of the New World ! I was not permitted to do this ; for, whilst I could hear the shouts of delighted surprise which burst from the lips of the passengers who crowded the vessel's sides, I was confined below, occupied in blacking the boots and shoes of the family, in order that they might be landed "sound, and in good order." "

After two years' service in the family with whom he emigrated, he preferred fighting his own way in the world, and bade adieu to farming life in Oneida county. 'On my arrival in New York,' says he, 'I had half a dollar only in my pocket, and all the goods I possessed in the world were contained in a little trunk which I carried. I stood at the foot of Courtland Street, after I left the boat. Hundreds of people went by, on busy feet, heedless of me, and I felt desolate indeed. But, amidst all my lonely sorrow, the religious impressions I have just referred to, and, more especially, those which I had derived from the lips of my beloved mother, afforded some rays of consolation which glimmered through the gloom. Whilst I was standing, pondering whither I should bend my steps, a man came up to me, and asked me where he should carry my trunk. Then, indeed, the strong sense of my forlornness came to me, and I scarcely

ever remembered to have experienced more bitterness of spirit than on that occasion. Fancy me, reader, a boy, just fourteen years of age, a stranger in a strange city, with no one to guide him, none to advise, and not a single soul to love, or be loved by. There I was, three thousand miles distant from home and friends; a waif on life's wave, solitary in the midst of thousands, and with a heart yearning for kindly sympathy, but finding none.'

He soon obtained employment as a bookbinder, and lodgings in a miserable house. To his surprise, he found that he was to share a bed with an Irishman, lying sick of fever. The second night he preferred lying on the floor on a wretched shake-down. At dead of night he was awoke by his sick companion in the agonies of death. 'O never have I heard such agonising exclamations as broke from the lips of that dying man, as he called with terrible earnestness on Christ to save him, and on God to be merciful to him! He seemed anxious to know the hour. I told him I thought it was near morning, as the cock had crowed. After some more moaning noises, he suddenly fell back on the bed. I heard a rattling gurgling sound, and then all was silent. I *felt* the man was dead, although I could not see him, and knew that I was alone with Death for the first time. O how slowly dragged on the hours until dawn! and when the faint light struggled through a little window in the roof, and gradually brought out the walls and furniture from the gloom, there lay the dead man on his back, his mouth wide open, and his eyes glazed, but staring only as dead eyes can.'

Desolation like this was sufficient to crush any young heart,

but sympathy and help were at hand. What child of misfortune has not found help in woman? At every turn in John Gough's life, we find her like a ministering angel waiting on him. I soon afterwards went to my work, and my business was to pack up bundles of books for Cincinnati. As I was working, I fell into a train of thought respecting my desolate situation; and as I mused, the scalding tears fell in large drops on the paper I was using. Into the very depths of my sorrow a kind heart looked; for whilst I was weeping, a young lady came to me, and asked me what was the matter. Her tone of kindness and look of sympathy won my confidence, and I informed her of the particulars of my little history. When I had finished my tale, she said, 'Poor distressed child! you shall go home with me to-night.' I did so; and when I arrived at her house, I saw her mother, who was engaged in frying cakes on the stove. The young girl took her mother aside into an inner room, and presently the latter came out and said to me, 'Poor boy! I will be a mother to you.' These words fell like refreshing dew on my young heart; and mother and sister indeed did the benevolent Mrs Egbert and her daughter prove to me. Soon after this, I joined the church in Allen Street; and after remaining with the Egberts some months, I removed, and boarded with my class leader, Mr Anson Willis. I afterwards boarded with a Mrs Ketchum; but frequently wished I had remained with Mrs Egbert. During this period of my life, circumstances induced me to leave the church, and also my place of employment; and I became exposed to temptation, and too soon grew thoughtless of religious things.'

Moved by affection, his mother and sister soon followed him to America. One Saturday afternoon, in August, 1833, a letter informed him that they were on board the ship *President*, then lying in the stream. 'How happy did I feel that evening when my parent first made tea in our own home! Our three cups and saucers made quite a grand show; and, in imagination, we were rich in viands, although our meal was frugal enough. Thus we lived comfortably together, nothing of note occurring until the November following, when, owing to a want of business and the general pressure of the times, I was dismissed from my place of work. This was a severe blow to us all, and its force was increased by my sister, who was a straw-bonnet maker, also losing her employment. Our rent was one dollar and a quarter per week; but finding it necessary to retrench in our expenditure, we gave up our two rooms, and made one answer our purpose, dividing it into two compartments at night, by hanging up a temporary curtain. Our rent was now reduced to fifty cents a-week, and all our goods and chattels were contained in the garret, which we continued to occupy until my mother's death. Things gradually grew worse and worse. Winter in all its terrors was coming on us, who were ill prepared for it. To add to our troubles, wood, during that season, was very high in price, and, in addition to want, we suffered dreadfully from cold. I obtained employment only at uncertain intervals, and for short periods, as errand-boy in a book-store in Nassau Street, and in a bindery; but even with this aid, we were sorely off and painfully pinched. Thus was the whole of that dreary

winter one continued scene of privation. Our sorrows were aggravated by my poor mother's sickness, and our apparel began to grow wretchedly scanty. I remember my mother once wishing for some broth made from mutton. Not being able to bear that she should want anything she required, I took my best coat, and having pawned it, procured her some meat, and thus supplied her wants so far as practicable. Often and often have I, when we were destitute of wood, and had no money to procure any, gone a mile or two into the country, and dragged home such pieces as I might find lying about the sides of the road. Food, too, was sometimes wanting; and once, seeing my mother in tears, I ascertained that we had no bread in the house. I could not bear the sight of such distress, and wandered down a street, sobbing as I went. A stranger accosted me, and asked me what was the matter. "I'm hungry," said I, "and so is my mother." "Well," said the stranger, "I can't do much, but I'll get you a loaf;" and when I took this three-cent piece of bread home, my mother placed the Bible on an old rickety pine table, and having opened it, read a portion of scripture, and then we knelt down, thanking God for his goodness, and asking his blessing on what we were about to partake of. All these sufferings and privations my poor mother bore with christian resignation, and never did she repine through all that dreary season.

'As the spring came on, both my sister and myself got employment again, and our situation was bettered for a time. I now earned four dollars and a half a-week, and was enabled to redeem my coat. A happy day was that when I went in it

with my sister to a place of worship. I would here mention, that during all that hard winter we received no charitable assistance from any source.

'And now comes one of the most terrible events of my history—an event which almost bowed me to the dust. On the 8th of July, 1834, my spirits were unusually exuberant. I laughed and sang with my young companions, as if not a cloud was to be seen in all my sky, when one was then gathering which was shortly to burst in fatal thunder over my head. About eight o'clock I returned home, and was going up the steps, whistling as I went, when my sister met me at the threshold, and seizing me by the hand, exclaimed, "*John, mother's dead!*" What I did, what I said, I cannot remember; but they told me afterwards I grasped my sister's arm, laughed frantically in her face, and then for some minutes seemed stunned by the dreadful intelligence. As soon as they permitted me, I visited our garret. There she lay, with her face tied up with a handkerchief—

"By foreign hands her aged eyes were closed!

By foreign hands her decent limbs composed."

A sudden attack while in the act of preparing supper, and in a few minutes all was over. I sat all night watching her cold remains, and none but myself and God can tell what a night of agony that was. The people of the house accommodated my sister below. When the morning dawned in my desolate chamber, I tenderly placed the passive hand by my mother's side, and wandered out into the as yet quiet streets.

I turned my face towards the wharf, and, arrived there, sat down by the dock, gazing with melancholy thoughts upon the glancing waters. All that had passed seemed to me like a fearful dream, and with difficulty could I at certain intervals convince myself that my mother's death was a fearful reality. An hour or two passed away in this dreamy, half-delirious state of mind, and I then involuntarily proceeded slowly towards my wretched home. I had eaten nothing since the preceding afternoon, but hunger seemed, like my other senses, to have become torpid. On my arrival at our lodgings, I found that a coroner's inquest had been held on my mother's corpse, and a note had been left by the official, which stated that it must be interred by noon of the following day. What was I to do? I had no money, no friends, and what was perhaps worse than all, none to sympathise with myself and sister but the people about us, who could afford the occasional exclamation of "poor things!" Again I wandered into the streets, without any definite object in view. I had a vague idea that my mother was dead and must be buried, and little feeling beyond that. At times I even forgot this sad reality. Weary and dispirited, I at last once more sought my lodgings, where my sister had been anxiously watching for me. I learned from her, that during my absence, some persons had brought a pine box to the house, into which they had placed my mother's body, and taken it off in a cart for interment. They had but just gone, she said; I told her that we must go and see mother buried; and we hastened after the vehicle, which we soon overtook.

'There was no "pomp and circumstance" about that humble

funeral; but never went a mortal to the grave who had been more truly loved, and was then more sincerely lamented, than the silent traveller towards Potter's Field, the place of her interment. Only two lacerated and bleeding hearts mourned for her. We soon reached the burying-ground. My mother's coffin was then taken out and placed in a trench, and a little dirt was thinly sprinkled over it. So was she buried!

So painfully humiliating were the circumstances connected with the burial of one so tenderly loved, that from that day, John Gough has never been able to bear the sight of a funeral, or follow the remains of a friend to the grave. 'The next day I passed wearily enough, and at night I procured a little sleep; but from the afternoon of my mother's death, not a morsel of food had passed my lips. I loathed food, and it was not until the Friday evening that I was persuaded to take any. Everything about us so forcibly and painfully reminded us of her we had lost, that my sister and myself determined to remove from our lodgings; and, having disposed of our feather-bed, and a few little matters, to the woman of the house, we paid a week's board in advance at a house in Spring Street. I now began to feel the effects of my night-watchings and neglect of food, and was taken so sick that a city physician attended me for three or four days. My sister and I had separated, as she boarded where she worked, in the upper part of the city.

'I started for New York about September, and there went to work for Mr John Gladding, who always behaved kindly towards me. I boarded in Grand Street; and about this time laid the foundation of many of my future sorrows.

'I possessed a tolerably good voice, and sang pretty well, having also the faculty of imitation rather strongly developed; and being well stocked with amusing stories, I got introduced into the society of thoughtless and dissipated young men, to whom my talents made me welcome. These companions were what is termed respectable; but they drank. I now began to attend the theatres frequently, and felt ambitious of strutting my hour upon the stage. I well remember, in my early days, having entertained, through the influence of my mother, a horror of theatres; and not very long afterwards, so low had I fallen, and so desperately had I backslidden, that at the very door of that same theatre, which I had, five years before, wished destroyed, as a temple of sin, I stood applying for a situation as actor and comic singer. I afterwards performed at the Franklin Theatre, under the assumed name of Gilbert.

'During this period I worked pretty steadily at my business; but such were my growing habits of dissipation, that, although receiving five dollars a-week, I squandered every cent away, and was continually in debt. It could not be expected that, connected with the stage, I could follow steadily a more sober occupation. Nor did I; for I worked only at uncertain intervals—frequently was absent for days together, and, as a necessary consequence, incurred the displeasure of my employer. I now entirely gave myself up to the stage, and gained some reputation for the manner in which I performed a low line of character.'

He then removed to Newburyport, where he again obtained

employment, but continued to pursue a course of reckless dissipation. The course of John Gough has been that of thousands who have betaken themselves to our large cities to push their way in the world. Snares are planted in every path, and the young are required to avoid them at the time when they are least aware of their existence, and have least power to resist their seductive influence. At this stage of life the passions are peculiarly powerful, the imagination is peculiarly lively, appetite has a keenness which repeated gratification soon destroys. If the first taste of criminal sensual pleasures was as bitter as when the cup is drained, it would be rejected with disgust. Or if the true moral character of an act were fully apprehended, the comparative simplicity and innocence of youth would revolt at the thought of its performance. But the moral sense is easily beclouded, the pleasure is so great and the evil apparently so trivial. Professed friends assure us the way is safe, passion prompts compliance, self-confidence fears not. Once and again the temptation is yielded to, and our virtue has proved its adequacy for the trial. Where is the harm of a social glass? better than ourselves partake of it. But the tempter at length discovers himself in his true colours, when appetite grows strong and moral strength becomes weak. Why not go to the theatre? It is but once. The glare of light, the brilliance of the decorations, the fascination of the music, the interest of the play, all win upon the mind. Again we go, and again and again, till recklessness has seized us, or if moral principle fight for her old dominion, all the stale arguments in favour of such amusements come to our aid. Such were John Gough's

temptations, and, like thousands before him, he believed the deceiver, and bitterly did he pay for his folly.

Like other young men, he became imbued with sceptical opinions. 'We had heard,' said he, when addressing a large meeting of young men in London, 'and knew of those who believed that God was too merciful to punish us eternally for the sins and evil deeds extending over so short a space of time as the human life, and we thought it an exceeding comfortable doctrine, if we could only get hold of it so as to be satisfied of its truth. I know that we glared greedily over the Bible to find a peg to hang a hope upon, that we might hold our enjoyments that were sinful. We tortured particular texts, and stretched certain passages. We began to destroy, or to attempt to destroy, the conviction we had that the Bible was true. There it was said, "Rejoice, O young man, in the days of thy youth," and so on,—but "remember that after all these things there cometh judgment." We did not like that. "The soul that sinneth, it shall surely die,"—we did not like that. We could not enjoy ourselves as we wished, believing that. We must undermine it,—and how did we set to work? We put on one side every evidence of christianity,—went to work to pick flaws in the characters of professors of religion. "How inconsistent," we said, "is such a man! How short he falls of his profession!" And then we took to Volney, and Voltaire, and Taylor. We strove to cram ourselves with scriptural errors and contradictions, as a boy at school crams himself with a particular branch of study before an examination. In such a way we crammed ourselves with infidel sentiments; we drugged conscience with bad

habits, and then walked out into the world, full-fledged infidels, just as I verily believe nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of the so-called sceptical young men of London do at this day. We tried to make ourselves believe that we didn't believe, and couldn't. Therefore we got very angry at every influence that disturbed us, and spat our venom on the Bible, the religion of the Bible, and its ministers.'

Next we find him entering into an arrangement with the captain of a fishing-boat, to go a voyage with him down Chaleur Bay. 'As there was no rum on board, I was forced to keep sober, and that at least saved me a considerable amount of suffering. When, however, I went on shore, I made up for my forced abstinence by bottle-deep potations. In consequence of what is commonly called a "spree," my life was at one time placed in considerable jeopardy. Several of our crew, with myself, had been on board a neighbouring vessel, and on our return at night, I was, as might be expected, very drunk. The boat was rowed to the side of our craft, and I was so much intoxicated, that, unnoticed, I lay at the bottom of the boat. As customary, when the rest of the crew got on board, the hook was fastened in the bow of the boat, which was drawn up. In consequences of this, as the bow was hoisted with a jerk, I was flung violently from where I was lying, to the stern, and the force of the blow effectually awakened me. I called out and alarmed my companions, just in time to prevent me being thrown overboard. And yet at this time I did not consider myself to be what in reality I was—a drunkard.

'The purpose of our voyage having been answered, we

prepared for our homeward sail; and were making for port, when a violent storm burst over us. For hours we expected to go to the bottom, and scarce a hope remained to cheer us, the captain having given up everything for lost. Next morning at daylight, having discovered land, we made towards it, and about noon anchored in Shelburne Bay, Nova Scotia. We soon set sail once more, and I arrived in Newburyport on the first Sunday in November, glad enough to be freed from my imprisonment for three and a half months in a small vessel of fifty tons burthen.

‘Not long afterwards I entered into the matrimonial state, and commenced housekeeping, having earned money sufficient by my fishing voyage to purchase some neat furniture. In my new condition I might have done well, for I had every prospect of success, had it not been for my craving after society, which, in spite of having a home of my own, I still felt.

‘During my residence at Newburyport, my early serious impressions on one occasion in a measure revived, and I felt some stings of conscience for my neglect of the Sabbath and religious observances. I recommenced attending a place of worship, but my desire for strong liquors and company seemed to present an insuperable barrier against all improvement; and, after a few weeks, every aspiration after better things had ceased, every bud of promised comfort was crushed.

‘And now my circumstances began to be desperate indeed. In vain were all my efforts to obtain work, and at last I became so reduced, that at times I did not know, when one meal was ended, where on the face of the broad earth I should find another.

Further mortification awaited me, and by slow degrees I became aware of it. The young men with whom I had associated in bar-rooms and parlours, and who wore a little better clothing than I could afford to put on, one after another began to drop my acquaintance. If I walked in the public streets, I too quickly perceived the cold look, the averted eye, the half recognition; and to a sensitive spirit, such as I possessed, this treatment was almost past endurance. To add to the mortification caused by such treatment, it happened that those who had laughed the loudest at my songs and stories, and who had been social enough with me in the bar-room, were the very individuals who seemed most ashamed of my acquaintance. I felt that I was shunned by the respectable portion of the community also, and, once asking a lad to accompany me in a walk, he informed me that his father had cautioned him against associating with me. This was a cutting reproof, and I felt it more deeply than words can express. Thought was a torturing thing. When I looked back, Memory drew fearful pictures, in the lines of lurid flame; and whenever I dared anticipate the future, Hope refused to illumine my onward path. I dwelt in one awful present.'

A circumstance now transpired which attracted his attention, and led him to consider his situation, and whither he was hurrying. A lecture was advertised to be delivered by the first reformed drunkard, Mr J. J. Johnson, who visited Newburyport, and he was invited by some friends to attend. He went, and heard the speaker depict, in forcible and graphic terms, the misery of the drunkard, and the awful consequences of his conduct, both as they affected himself and those connected with him. His conscience told him

that the truth was spoken by the lecturer, for what had he not suffered from intemperance? He remained only about ten minutes, and as he left the chapel, a young man offered him the pledge to sign. He actually turned to sign it, but at that critical moment, the appetite for strong drink, as if determined to have the mastery over him, came in all its force, and remembering too, just then, that he had a pint of brandy at home, he deferred signing, and put off to a 'more convenient season' a proceeding which might have saved him much sorrow. He, however, compromised the matter with his conscience, by inwardly resolving that he would drink up what spirit he had by him, and then *think* of leaving off the use of the accursed liquid altogether.

His wife decided on paying a visit to his sister, at Providence. It was the first time since their marriage that they had ever been separated, and the house looked lonely and desolate. He thought he would not go to work, and a great inducement to remain at home existed in the shape of his old enemy, West India rum, of which he had nearly a gallon in the house. Although the morning was by no means far advanced, he sat down, intending to do nothing until dinner-time. But he could not sit alone without rum, and therefore drank glass after glass, until he became so stupified that he was compelled to lie down on the bed, where he soon fell asleep. When he awoke, it was late in the afternoon, and then, as he persuaded himself, too late to make a bad day's work good. He invited a neighbour, who like himself was a man of intemperate habits, to spend the evening with him. He came, and they sat down to the rum, and drank together freely until late at night, when

he staggered home; and so intoxicated was Gough, that in moving to go to bed, he fell over the table, broke a lamp, and lay on the floor for some time unable to rise. At last he managed to get to bed; but he did not sleep, for the drunkard never knows the blessings of undisturbed repose. Awaking in the night with a raging thirst, his mouth was parched, and his throat was burning; and he anxiously groped about the room, trying to find more rum, in which he sought to quench his dreadful thirst. No sooner was one draught taken than the horrible dry feeling returned; and so he went on swallowing repeated glassfuls of the spirit, until at last he had drained the very last drop which the jar contained. His appetite grew by what it fed on; and having a little money by him, he with difficulty got up, made himself look as tidy as possible, and then went out to buy more rum, with which he returned to the house. The fact will perhaps seem incredible, but so it was, that he drank spirits continually, without tasting a morsel of food, for the next three days. This could not last long: a constitution of iron strength could not endure such treatment, and his was partially broken down by previous dissipation.

He began to experience a feeling hitherto unknown to him. After the three days' drinking to which we have just referred, he felt one night, as he lay on his bed, an awful sense of something dreadful coming upon him. It was as if he had been partially stunned, and now, in an interval of consciousness, was about to have the fearful blow which had prostrated him repeated. 'There was a craving for sleep,' says he, 'sleep, blessed sleep! but my

eyelids were as if they could not close. Every object around me I beheld with startling distinctness, and my hearing became unnaturally acute. Then to the singing and roaring in my ears would suddenly succeed a silence so awful, that only the stillness of the grave might be compared with it. At other times strange voices would whisper unintelligible words, and the slightest noise would make me start like a guilty thing. But the horrible burning thirst was insupportable, and to quench it, and induce sleep, I clutched again and again the rum bottle, hugged my enemy, and poured the infernal fluid down my parched throat. But it was of no use—none. I could not sleep. Then I bethought me of tobacco; and, staggering from my bed to a shelf near, with great difficulty I managed to procure a pipe and some matches. I could not stand to light the latter, so I lay again on the bed, and scraped one against the wall. I began to smoke, and the narcotic leaf produced a stupefaction. I dozed a little; but, feeling a warmth on my face, I awoke, and discovered my pillow to be on fire! I had dropped a lighted match on the bed. By a desperate effort, I threw the pillow from the bed, and, too exhausted to feel annoyed by the burning feathers, I sank again into a state of somnolency. How long I lay, I do not exactly know; but I was roused from my lethargy by the neighbours, who, alarmed by a smell of fire, came to my room to ascertain the cause. When they took me from my bed, the under part of the straw with which it was stuffed was smouldering, and in a quarter of an hour more must have burst into a flame. Had such been the case, how horrible would have been my fate, for it is more

than probable that in my half-senseless condition I should have been suffocated or burned to death! The fright produced by this accident and very narrow escape, in some degree sobered me; but what I felt more than any thing else was the exposure. Now all would be known, and I feared my name would become more than ever a by-word and a reproach.

‘Will it be believed that I again sought refuge in rum? Scarcely had I recovered from the fright than I sent out, procured a pint of rum, and drank it all in less than half an hour. Yet so it was. And now came upon me many terrible sensations. Cramps attacked me in my limbs which racked me in agony, and my temples throbbed as if they would burst. So ill was I, that I became seriously alarmed, and begged the people of the house to send for a physician.

‘For three days I endured more agony than pen could describe, even were it guided by the hand of a Dante. Who can tell the horrors of that malady, aggravated as it is by the almost ever-abiding consciousness that it is self-sought! Hideous faces appeared on the walls, and on the ceiling, and on the floors; foul things crept along the bed-clothes, and glaring eyes peeped into mine. I was at one time surrounded by millions of monstrous spiders, who crawled slowly, slowly, over every limb, whilst the beaded drops of perspiration would start to my brow, and my limbs would shiver until the bed rattled again. Strange lights would dance before my eyes, and then suddenly the very blackness of darkness would appal me by its dense gloom. All at once, whilst gazing at a frightful creation of my distempered mind, I seemed struck with sudden blindness.

I knew a candle was burning in the room, but I could not see it, all was so pitchy dark. I lost the sense of feeling too, for I endeavoured to grasp my arm in one hand, but consciousness was gone. I put my hand to my side, my head, but felt nothing, and still I knew my limbs and frame *were* there. And then the scene would change. I was falling—falling swiftly as an arrow far down into some terrible abyss; and so like reality was it, that as I fell I could see the rocky sides of the horrible shaft, where mocking, jibing, mowing, fiend-like forms were perched; and I could feel the air rushing past me, making my hair stream out by the force of the unwholesome blast. Then the paroxysm sometimes ceased for a few moments, and I would sink back on my pallet drenched with perspiration, utterly exhausted, and feeling a dreadful certainty of the renewal of my torments.

‘For about a month, terrified by what I had suffered, I adhered to my resolution; then my wife came home, and in my joy at her return, I flung my good resolutions to the wind. The night of my wife’s return I went to bed intoxicated.

‘My wife now began to exhibit symptoms of declining health, and my prospects, as before, were none of the brightest. Ten long weary days of suspense passed, at the end of which both she and her infant died. Then came the terribly oppressive feeling that I was utterly alone in the world; and it seemed also that I was forgotten of God, as well as abandoned by man. All the consciousness of my dreadful situation pressed heavily indeed upon me, and keenly as a sensitive mind could, did I feel the loss I had experienced. I drank, now, to dispel

my gloom, or to drown it in the maddening cup ; and soon was it whispered from one to another, until the whole town became aware of it, that my wife and child were lying dead, and that I was drunk ! But if ever I was cursed with the faculty of thought, in all its intensity, it was then. And this was the degraded condition of one who had been nursed on the lap of piety, and whose infant tongue had been taught to utter a prayer against being led into temptation. There, in the room where all who had loved me were lying in the unconscious slumber of death, was I gazing with a madd'ning melancholy imprinted on my features, on the dead forms of those who were flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. During the miserable hours of darkness, I would steal from my lonely bed to the place where my dead wife and child lay, and in agony of soul pass my shaking hand over their cold faces, and then return to my bed, after a draught of rum, which I had obtained and hidden under the pillow of my wretched couch. At such times, all the events of the past would return, with terrible distinctness, to my recollection ; and many a time did I wish to die, for hope had well nigh deserted me, both with respect to this world and to the next. I had apostatised from those pure principles which once I had embraced, and was now

“ A wandering, wretched, worn, and weary thing,
Ashamed to ask, and yet I needed help.”

‘ I have in several parts of this narrative referred to my vocal talents and my ventriloquial acquirements. After every other resource had failed me in my utmost need, I was compelled, as

the only means of getting a little rum, to avail myself of these aids. Accordingly my custom was to repair to the lowest grog-shops, and there I might usually be found, night after night, telling facetious stories, singing comic songs, or turning books upside down and reading them whilst they were moving round, to the great delight and wonder of a set of loafers who supplied me with drink in return. Who could have recognised in the jibing mountebank, in the circle of a laughing, drunken crowd, the son of religious parents, one who *had* been devoted and affectionate not so very long before—one, too, who had felt and appreciated the pleasures which religion alone can bestow?

'Sabbaths, which from my childhood I had been taught to reverence, were now disregarded. Seldom did I enter God's house, where prayer was wont to be made, as I had done during a portion of the time I resided in New York. The day of rest was no Sabbath to me, and my usual way of spending it was to stroll into the country where I might be alone, with a bottle of intoxicating liquor in my possession. When this was empty, I would crawl back to the town, under cover of the darkness, and close the sacred hours in some obscure groggery, in the society of those who, like myself, disregarded the command of the Almighty to keep holy the Sabbath-day.'

'Well I remember,' said he, when addressing the students of the University of Edinburgh, 'the 4th of July, 1842. It was the most miserable day I ever experienced. And, young men, let me say here, it is humiliating to me to thus lay bare the secrets of my own experience to you; but I have vowed to God that all my faculties, all my energies, all the power he shall give

me, and the life he shall grant, shall be expended in battling the hard-headed, black-hearted iniquity; and if I can, by showing the scars where the iron entered into my soul—by showing how I was hurrying to the rapids until Infinite Mercy snatched me from the brink,—if I can save any young man from a similar fate, save him as I was saved, as if by fire,—I will bite the dust before you. (Cheers.) I had, at that time, no friends,—acquaintances I had, it is true, but no friends. Ah, young men, it is a hard thing to find yourself thus alone, to feel you are a waif upon the stream,—not a tear shed for your troubles, or a throb of pleasure felt in your prosperity. I have had the feeling of solitude come upon me—never in the wild forest, never in the woods, where the singing of the birds and the whisperings of the winds are heard—but among the haunts of men. (Hear.) To walk in the city, street after street, and see no familiar face—to have no home—rambling over God's earth as if over a burning desert—with no resting-place for the sole of the foot. I was alone, and I thought as I had no friends and no money, I would go to work. I did. I am a bookbinder by trade, and I was soon hammering away upon the books. Presently I heard some music. Now, I am passionately fond of music, and I could not resist the temptation to go out into the street to hear it. Just as I was going out, a gentleman said to me,—“It is a beautiful sight.” “It is—what is it?” “The Temperance Societies at the back of the grove on their way to take part in the ceremonies of the day.” “Oh!” said I, “I want nothing to do with them,” and so saying, I went up stairs and began hammering again. The music came nearer and nearer. I

couldn't stand it any longer. "I don't care," I said, "whether they be temperate bands or not, but I must go and hear them." I went into the street and leaned against a post. As the teetotalers approached, I tried hard, as many do, to put a sneer on my face, and to curl the lip, that passers-by should think that one man was looking on with a great deal of contempt on the proceedings—"a parcel of old women—teetotalers? Pooh." (Laughter.) It was certainly a beautiful sight. The banners were fluttering away in the wind, the people looked cheerful and healthy, the music was full of spirit. When I saw bands of children moving along, I thought of the time when I was a happy boy, when, in the little village of Sandgate, William Wilberforce—(cheers)—gave me a prayer book; when I kneeled by my mother's knee, and when her soft warm hand was laid on my head. In contrast to that—and the contrast thrilled through every nerve—I was a poor, desolate, despised drunkard. O how bitterly I felt! I went to work until night. Then I went to the hotel I was accustomed to frequent. "Give me some brandy," I said. I took it and drank it. "Give me some more!" I took that and drank it. "Give me more!" "You have had enough." "I don't care, I *will* have more." The young men said afterwards I was mad. I scared them by my talk. At three o'clock in the morning, I went out of the town and bathed my brow in the clear air. I went to the graveyard and read of those whom I had known in the days of the past; flung myself upon the grave of objects dear to me amid all my wretchedness, kicked my heels into the soil, tore the grass in anguish, and cursed my own infatuation. I had a bottle of laudanum in my

pocket, and sat leaning for a little while on a fence bordering on a railroad, and began to think how I wished I could lie there and let the next train of cars cut me in two. I wished to die. Then I thought of men being sometimes cut in two by a train, with a bottle of liquor by their side and of its being called an accident instead of the truth,—a suicide with such circumstances as mine for the cause. I took the bottle and drew the cork, but my hand shook, and that saved my life, for the very edge of the glass struck against my teeth. I looked to the city and heard the hum of business. Bitter in spirit I entered the inn again. "Give me some brandy! Ha! ha! who cares?"—That is one day in the life of a drunkard.'

PART SECOND.

HIS REFORMATION—BECOMES A TEMPERANCE ADVOCATE,
AND SUBSEQUENT CAREER.

HITHERTO my career had been one of almost unmitigated woe ; for, with the exception of the days of my childhood, my whole life had been one perpetual struggle against poverty and misery in their worst forms. Thrown at a tender age upon the world, I was soon taught its hard lessons. Death had robbed me of my best earthly protector, and Providence cast my lot in a land thousands of miles from the place of my birth. Temptation had assailed me, and trusting to my own strength for support, I had fallen, O how low ! In the very depths of my desolation, wife and children had been torn from my side. In the midst of thousands I was lonely, and, abandoning hope, the only refuge which seemed open for me was the grave. A dark pall overhung that gloomy abode which shut out every ray of hope ; and although death to me would have been a ' leap in the dark,' I was willing to peril my immortal soul, and blindly rush into the presence of my Maker. Like a stricken deer, I had no communion with my kind. Over every door of admission into the society of my fellow-men, the words ' no hope ' seemed to be inscribed. Despair was my companion, and perpetual degradation appeared to be my allotted doom.

The month of October had nearly drawn to a close, and on

its last Sunday evening I wandered out into the streets, pondering as well as I was able to do, for I was somewhat intoxicated, on my lone and friendless condition. My frame was much weakened by habitual indulgence in intoxicating liquor, and little fitted to bear the cold of winter, which had already begun to come in. But I had no means of protecting myself against the bitter blast, and as I anticipated my coming misery, I staggered along, houseless, aimless, and all but hopeless.

Some one tapped me on the shoulder. An unusual thing that to occur to me; for no one now cared to come in contact with the wretched, shabby-looking drunkard. I was a disgrace—‘a living, walking disgrace.’

The person who touched my shoulder was an entire stranger. I looked at him, wondering what his business was with me. Regarding me very earnestly, and apparently with much interest, he exclaimed—

‘Mr Gough, I believe?’

‘That is my name,’ I replied, and was passing on.

‘You have been drinking to-day,’ said the stranger in a kind voice, which arrested my attention, and quite dispelled any anger at what I might otherwise have considered an officious interference in my affairs.

‘Yes, sir,’ I replied; ‘I have.’

‘Only sign our pledge,’ remarked my friend; ‘sign it, and I will introduce you myself to good friends, who will feel an interest in your welfare, and take a pleasure in helping you to keep your good resolutions. Only, Mr Gough, sign the pledge, and all will be as I have said; ay, and more too.’

Oh how pleasantly fell those words of kindness and promise on my crushed and bruised heart! I had long been a stranger to feelings such as now awoke in my bosom. A chord had been touched which vibrated to the tone of love. Hope once more dawned, and I began to think, strange as it appeared, that such things as my friend promised me *might* come to pass. On the instant I resolved to try at least, and said to the stranger—

‘Well, I will sign it.’

‘When?’ he asked.

‘I cannot do so to-night,’ I replied, ‘for I *must* have some more drink presently; but I certainly will to-morrow.’

‘We have a temperance meeting to-morrow evening,’ he said: ‘will you sign it then?’

‘I will.’

‘That is right,’ said he, grasping my hand. ‘I will be there to see you.’

‘You shall,’ I remarked; and we parted.

I went on my way much touched by the kind interest which, at last, some one had taken in my welfare. I said to myself, ‘If it should be the last act of my life, I will perform my promise, and sign it even though I die in the attempt, for that man has placed confidence in me, and on that account I love him.’ I then proceeded to a low groggery in Lincoln-square hotel, and in the space of half an hour drank four glasses of brandy; this, in addition to what I had taken before, made me very drunk, and I staggered home as well as I could. Arrived there, I threw myself on the bed, and lay in a state of drunken insensibility until morning.

The first thing which occurred to my mind on awakening, was the promise I had made on the evening before to sign the pledge; and feeling as I usually did on the morning after a drunken bout, wretched and desolate, I was almost sorry that I had agreed to do so. My tongue was dry, my throat parched—my temples throbbed as if they would burst, and I had a horrible burning feeling in my stomach, which almost maddened me, and I felt that I *must* have some bitters, or I should die. So I yielded to my appetite, which would not be appeased, and I repaired to the same hotel, where I had squandered away so many shillings before; there I drank three or four times, until my nerves were a little strung, and then I went to work.

All that day, the coming event of the evening was continually before my mind's eye, and it seemed to me as if the appetite which had so long controlled me, exerted more power over me than ever. It grew stronger than I had at any time known it, now that I was about to rid myself of it. Until noon I struggled against its cravings, and then, unable to endure my misery any longer, I made some excuse for leaving the shop, and went nearly a mile for it in order to procure one more glass wherewith to appease the demon who so tortured me.

The day wore wearily away, and when evening came, I determined, in spite of many a hesitation, to perform the promise I had made to the stranger the night before. The meeting was to be held at the lower Town Hall, Worcester, and thither, clad in an old brown surtout, closely buttoned up to my chin, that my ragged habiliments beneath might not be visible, I repaired. I took a place among the rest, and when an opportunity of

speaking presented itself, I requested permission to be heard, which was readily granted.

When I stood up to relate my story, I was invited to the stand, to which I repaired; and, on turning to face the audience, I recognised my acquaintance who had asked me to sign. It was Mr Joel Stratton. He greeted me with a smile of approbation, which nerved and strengthened me for my task, as I tremblingly observed every eye fixed upon me. I lifted my quivering hand, and then and there told what rum had done for me.

In my palsied hand I with difficulty grasped the pen, and, in characters almost as crooked as those of old Stephen Hopkins, I signed the total abstinence pledge, and resolved to free myself from the inexorable tyrant—RUM.

The very idea of what I had done strengthened and encouraged me. Nor was this the only impulse given me to proceed in my new pathway; for many who witnessed my signing, and heard my simple statement, came forward kindly, grasped my hand, and expressed their satisfaction at the step I had taken. A new and better day seemed to have dawned.

As I left the hall, agitated and enervated, I remember chuckling to myself with great gratification, 'I have done it—I have done it.'

Little did Joel Stratton, a humble waiter in a temperance hotel, know the influence of the kind act he had that night done.

The smallest effort is not lost;
Each wavelet on the ocean tost,
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow;
Each struggle lessens human woe.

I went home, he continues, retired to bed, but in vain did I try to sleep. I pondered upon the step I had taken, and passed a restless night. Knowing that I voluntarily renounced drink, I endeavoured to support my sufferings, and resist the incessant craving of my remorseless appetite as well as I could; but the struggle to overcome it was insupportably painful. When I got up in the morning, my brain seemed as though it would burst with the intensity of its agony, my throat appeared as if it were on fire, and in my stomach I experienced a dreadful burning sensation, as if the fires of the pit had been kindled there. My hands trembled so, that to raise water to my feverish lips was almost impossible. I craved, literally gasped, for my accustomed stimulus, and felt that I should die if I did not have it; but I persevered in my resolve, and withstood the temptations which assailed me on every hand.

Still, during all this frightful time, I experienced a feeling somewhat akin to satisfaction at the position I had taken. I had made at least one step towards reformation. I began to think that it was barely possible that I might see better days, and once more hold up my head in society. Such feelings as these would alternate with gloomy forebodings, and 'thick-coming fancies' of approaching ill. At one time hope, and at another fear, would predominate; but the raging, dreadful continued thirst, was always present, to torture and tempt me.

After breakfast, I proceeded to the shop where I was employed, feeling dreadfully ill. I determined, however, to put a bold face on the matter, and, in spite of the cloud which seemed to hang over me, to attempt work. I was exceedingly weak,

and fancied, as I almost reeled about the shop, that every eye was fixed upon me suspiciously, although I exerted myself to the utmost to conceal my agitation. How I got through that day I cannot now tell, but it seemed interminable, and as if it would never come to an end. I felt I was undeserving of confidence after I had so often broken my promises of amendment; but I determined to make another effort to procure the respect of my employers, and going to one of the gentlemen in the shop, I informed him that I had signed the pledge. He looked at me very earnestly, and said, 'I know you have.'

'And,' I added, 'I mean to keep it.'

'So they all say,' he replied; 'and I hope you will.'

As he spoke doubtingly, I reiterated my determination to abide by the resolution I had made, never more to touch intoxicating liquors, and said to him, 'You have no confidence in me, sir?'

'None whatever,' he replied; 'but I hope you will keep your pledge.'

I turned to work again, saddened in mind and subdued in spirit; for the conversation I had just held with my employer showed me how low I had sunk in the esteem of prudent and sober-minded men. Whilst brooding over my misfortunes, I heard my name mentioned, and turning, saw a gentleman who had entered unobserved by me. He said, 'Good morning, Mr Gough. I was very glad to see you take the position you did last night, and so were many of our temperance friends. It is just such men as you that we want; and I have no doubt but you will be the means of doing the cause a great deal of good.'

This greatly encouraged me; and the gentleman, whose name was Mr Jesse W. Goodrich, then and now practising as an attorney and counsellor at law in Worcester, added, in a very kindly tone, 'My office is at the Exchange, Mr Gough; I shall be very happy to see you, whenever you like to call in—very happy.'

It would be impossible to describe how this act, trifling as it appeared, cheered me. With the exception of Mr Joel Stratton, who had asked me to sign the pledge, no one had accosted me for months in a manner which would lead me to think any one cared for me, or what might be my fate.

A new desire for life seemed suddenly to spring up—the universal boundary of human sympathy including even my wretched self in its cheering circle. And all these sensations were generated by a few kind words.

What a lesson of love should not this teach us! How know we but some trifling sacrifice, some little act of kindness, some, it may be, unconsidered word, may heal a bruised heart, or cheer a drooping spirit?

On the evening of the day following that on which I signed the pledge, I went straight home from my work-shop, with a dreadful feeling of some impending calamity haunting me. In spite of the encouragement I had received, the presentiment of coming evil was so strong, that it bowed me almost to the dust with apprehension. The unslakeable thirst still clung to me, and water, instead of allaying it, seemed only to increase its intensity. I feared another attack of delirium tremens—and not without reason; for on that very evening, when I took the

iron pin to screw up the binding-press, it seemed to turn to a writhing, creeping snake in my hands. I dropped it in horror, and it was nothing but a bar of iron! These and similar illusions terrified me, and ere long my worst apprehensions were realised. I was fated to encounter one struggle more with my enemy before I became free.

Fearful was that struggle. God, in his mercy, forbid that any other young man should endure but a tenth part of the torture which racked my frame and agonised my heart. As in the former attack, horrible faces glared upon me from the walls—faces ever changing, and displaying new and still more horrible features—black, bloated insects crawled over my face, and myriads of burning, concentric rings were revolving incessantly. At one moment the chamber appeared as red as blood, and in a twinkling it was dark as the charnel-house. I seemed to have a knife with hundreds of blades in my hand, every blade driven through the flesh of my hands, and all were so inextricably bent and tangled together, that I could not withdraw them for some time; and when I did, from my lacerated fingers the bloody fibres would stretch out all quivering with life. After a frightful paroxysm of this kind, I would start like a maniac from my bed, and beg for life, life! What I of late thought so worthless, seemed now to be of unappreciable value. I dreaded to die, and clung to existence, as feeling that my soul's salvation depended on a little more of life. A great portion of this time I spent alone; no mother's hand was near to wipe the big drops of perspiration from my brow; no kind voice cheered me in my solitude. Alone I en-

countered all the host of demoniac forms which crowded my chamber. No one witnessed my agonies, or counted my tears, and yet I recovered—*how*, still remains a mystery to myself.

In about a week, I gained, in a great degree, the mastery over my accursed appetite; but the strife had made me dreadfully weak. Gradually my health improved, my spirits recovered, and I ceased to despair. Once more I was enabled to crawl into the sunshine; but O how changed! Wan cheeks and hollow eyes, feeble limbs, and almost powerless hands, plainly enough indicated that between me and death there had indeed been but a step. I will just tell you the first speech I ever made in my life, after I signed the temperance pledge. I went to the temperance meeting on the Monday night afterwards; and the president of the society said, If the young man who signed the pledge last Monday night is in the house, we will be very happy to hear from him how he gets on and how he feels. And I stated that I was getting on pretty well, and that I felt a good deal better. That was my first speech: I said all I had to say, and then stopped.

I in general, regularly attended the weekly temperance meetings, and my case being well known, I was at length invited to speak on the subject. After some hesitation, I consented to do so, and addressed an audience for about fifteen minutes, stating what my course had been, and what temperance had effected for me, and also expressing my firm determination to adhere to the total abstinence pledge. I well remember the individual who first engaged me for a regular speech. He was a good man, and devoted friend of the cause, Mr Hiram Fowler

of Upton. He heard my address at one of the temperance meetings, and thinking I should do good, was very anxious to secure my humble services.

One afternoon, not long after I joined the society, a gentleman invited me to speak on temperance in the school-house on Burncoat-plain. That evening I shall never forget. I was not, from scarcity of funds, enabled to procure fitting habiliments in which to appear before a respectable audience, and so I was compelled to wear an old over-coat, which the state of my under-clothing obliged me to button closely up to my chin. The place assigned to me was very near a large and well-heated stove. As I spoke, I grew warm, and after using a little exertion, the heat became so insufferable, that I was drenched in perspiration. My situation was ludicrous in the extreme. I could not, in consequence of the crowd, retreat from the tremendous fire, and unbuttoning my coat was out of the question altogether. What with the warmth imparted by my subject, and that which proceeded from the stove, I was fairly between two fires. When I had done my speech, I was all but done myself, for my body contained a greater quantity of caloric than it had ever possessed before or since. I question whether Monsieur Chabert, the fire king, was ever subjected to a more 'fiery trial.' Not long after this it began to be whispered about that I had talents for public speaking; and my career as an intemperate man having been notorious, a little curiosity as to my addresses was excited. At this time, nothing was farther from my intentions than becoming a public speaker. In my wildest flights I never dreamed of this.

Prior to delivering an address at Milbury, I had purchased a new suit of clothes, the first which I had been able to get for a long period. They came home on the day fixed for my speaking. Now, I had been so long accustomed to my old garments, that they had become as it were a part and parcel of myself, and seemed to belong to me, and feel as natural as my skin did. My new suit was very fashionably cut, and as I put on the articles one by one, I felt more awkwardness than I verily believe I ever exhibited, before or since, in the course of my life. The pantaloons were strapped down over feet which had long been used to freedom, and I feared to walk in my usual manner, lest they should go at the knee. I feared too lest a strap should give, and make me lop-sided for life. The vest certainly set off my waist to the best advantage; but it did not seem, on a first acquaintance, half so comfortable as my ancient friend, although the latter had long been threadbare and minus a few buttons. And then the smartly-cut coat was so neatly and closely fitted to the arms, and the shoulders, and the back, that when it was on I felt in a fix as well as a fit. I was fearful of any thing but a mincing motion, and my arms had a cataleptic appearance. Every step I took was a matter of anxiety, lest an unlucky rip should derange my smartness. How I tried the pockets, over and over again, and stared at myself in the glass! Verily I felt more awkward for some time in my new suit than I did whilst roasting before the fire in my old one.

On the evening following my visit to Milbury, I delivered a second address in another church there, which was well attended. Invitations now began to pour in on me from many quarters,

and I had been asked several times to go to the same old school-house on Burncoat-plain, where I had before spoken, when, on the 20th December, 1842, Dr Kendall of Stirling applied for some person to deliver a temperance address. I was recommended as a suitable person, and went with him, occupying the whole of the evening for the first time.

I now, finding that my engagements were increasing fast, applied to my employers for leave of absence for a week or two, in order to enable me to perform them. The required permission I obtained. When I went away, I left a pile of Bibles on my bench unfinished, promising to finish them on my return; but unforeseen circumstances occurred, and I never returned to complete them. My time was now almost entirely employed in lecturing on the temperance cause, and, as good appeared to be effected by my labours, I was encouraged to proceed. My audiences gradually increased in numbers, and, as I acquired more confidence in speaking, my labours were rendered the more useful and acceptable.

I must now refer to a circumstance which occurred about five months after I signed the pledge, and which caused infinite pain to myself, and uneasiness to the friends of the cause. I allude to a fact notorious at the time—my violation of the pledge. This narrative purports to be a veritable record of my history, and God forbid that I should conceal or misstate any material circumstance connected with it. If the former portion of this Autobiography be calculated to operate as a warning against the use of alcoholic liquors, the event which I am now about to record may not be without its use in convincing many who

have flung away the maddening draught, that they need a strength not their own to enable them to adhere to the vows they make. Well and wisely has it been said by the inspired penman, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall;' for unassisted human strength is utterly unable to afford adequate support in the hour of weakness or temptation. We are only so far safe when we depend on a mightier arm than our own for support. Our very strength lies in our sense of weakness, and this was to be demonstrated in my experience.

I was at this time delivering addresses in the town of Charlton, Worcester county. Labouring so indefatigably, and indeed unceasingly, almost immediately, and for some time after suddenly breaking off the use of a stimulus to which I had been accustomed for years, I became very weak in health; and, being of an extremely nervous temperament, I suffered much more than I otherwise should have done. I had an almost constant hæmorrhage from my stomach, and gradually became so excited, and nervously irritable, that I entirely lost my appetite, and could neither eat nor sleep. The engagements that I had made at Charlton came to a termination on Fast-day, and in order to prepare for an address the next evening at Sutton, that town being the next on my list of appointments (numbering now more than thirty in succession), I returned to Worcester. Whilst there, and on my way there from Charlton, I felt sensations to which I had before been a stranger. It was a distressing feeling, but one impossible to define. It appeared to me that I must be going *somewhere*, I knew not, and cared not whither; but there was a certain impulsive feeling which I could

not restrain any more than an automaton can remain motionless when its machinery is wound up. I left Mrs Chamberlain's house, much against her wish, saying I should return shortly, and intending to do so ; but when I had wandered about for a little, I heard the fifteen minute bell at the depot announce that the train was about to start for Boston ; and almost without thinking of what I was about to do, I proceeded to the station, entered the cars, and without any earthly aim or object, set out for Boston ; all I felt was an irresistible desire to move on, I cared not where.

Several gentlemen, into whose company I fell, noticed the extreme strangeness of my deportment and conversation whilst in the cars. On arriving in Boston, I strolled for some time about the streets, uncertain how to employ or amuse myself. Evening drew on, and it occurred to me that I might dissipate my melancholy, and quiet myself down, by going to the theatre ; I resolved to pursue this course, and accordingly entered the play-house. I had not been there long before I fell in with some old companions, with whom I had been intimate many years before. We talked together of old times ; and, at last, observing my manner, and noticing that I talked strangely and incoherently, they inquired what ailed me. I told them that I felt as if I wanted to move on, that move on I must, but cared not whither—in fact, that I was very ill. After being pressed to accompany them and take some oysters, I consented, and we all repaired to an oyster-room. It was during the time of taking this refreshment that a glass of wine or brandy was offered to me. Without reflection, I drank it off. And then suddenly the

terrible thought flashed across my mind that I had violated my pledge. The horror I felt at the moment, it would be impossible for me to describe. Ruin, inevitable ruin, stared me in the face. By one rash and inconsiderate act I had undone the work of months, betrayed the confidence reposed in me by friends, and blasted every hope for the future. To say that I felt miserable, would only give a faint idea of my state. For five months I had battled with the enemy, and defied him when he appeared armed with all his terrors; but now, when I fondly fancied him a conquered foe, and had sung in the broad face of day my psalms of victory to hundreds and thousands of listeners, he had craftily wrought my downfall. I was like some bark—

‘ Which stood the storm when winds were rough,
But in a sunny hour fell off;
Like ships that have gone down at sea
When heaven was all tranquillity.’

My accursed appetite, too, which I deemed eradicated, I found had only slept; the single glass I had taken roused my powerful and now successful enemy. I argued with myself that as I had made one false step, matters could not be made worse by taking a few more. So, yielding to temptation, I swallowed three or four more potations, and slept that night at the hotel. With the morning, reflection came; and fearful, indeed, appeared to me my situation. Without drinking again, I started in the cars for Newburyport, painfully feeling, but not exhibiting any signs of having indulged in the intemperate cup on the previous evening. At Newburyport an unlooked-for trial awaited me—

I was invited to speak for the temperance society there. I felt that I had no claim *now* to be heard, although I had bitterly repented my retrograde movement; but at length I consented to speak, and did so, both on the Sunday and the following Monday. To Worcester I dreaded returning, so agonised was I in mind. It was there I came forward as a redeemed drunkard; had there once and again solemnly vowed that the intoxicating cup should never press my lips again, had there been received by the kind and the good with open arms, and encouraged to proceed; but, alas! how had I fallen! and with what countenance could I meet those to whose respect and sympathy I felt I had now no claim?

On my arrival home, I immediately sent for my friend, Mr Jesse W. Goodrich, the same gentleman, it will be remembered, who kindly invited me to call on him the day after I signed the pledge. I also sent for Dr Hunting, who had greatly interested himself in my welfare. When these gentlemen came to see me, I at once made them acquainted with what had transpired in Boston, and my violation of the pledge, and then expressed to them my determination to leave the town, county, and state, never more to return to it. I then re-signed the pledge, and commenced packing up my books and clothes, with the full determination of leaving Worcester the following Monday.

My friends, who did not desert me even in these dark hours, again rallied round me, and persuaded me to remain, in order to attend the temperance meeting on the Monday I had fixed as the day of my departure. My candid statement had, in a measure, revived their confidence in me. In accordance with

their desires, I did remain, and went at the time mentioned to the upper Town Hall, where a very large audience was assembled, who appeared to feel a great interest in the proceedings. I was almost broken-hearted, and felt as if I were insane ; but I humbly trust that I sincerely repented of the false step I had taken, and, cheered by the considerate kindness of my friends, I determined, God helping me, to be more than ever an uncompromising foe to alcohol. Although freely and fully forgiven by the society, I still felt keenly on the subject of my lapse ; but my intention of leaving the town was not carried into effect. As my friends, one and all, urged me to remain, I felt it my duty to accede to their wishes.

The conviction of his friends was, that in this case, as often in his assaults, Satan had overshot the mark, and only given to Mr Gough a stronger weapon than ever against Satan's agent, strong drink, and that by God's mercy, he would have larger audiences than ever, and greater power over them. Sometimes even yet he will awake by night, and find himself kneeling by his bed-side in an agony of prayer, while the big drops are starting from his brow, and streaming down his whole body. Such is the effect of some horrible dream, in which he has fancied that he is again being tempted, and his old appetite has risen anew to demand renewed indulgence.

With the exception of about three or four weeks of the summer of 1843, he proceeds to state in his Autobiography, 'I have laboured since that year in behalf of the temperance cause, having, I trust, sought and obtained assistance from on High, and rested all my hopes for success on the right foundation.'

To trace Mr Gough's history from this point is not necessary. He was again married at Worcester on the 24th November, 1843; and did delicacy permit, we might here remark upon the character of his partner, to whom not only he, but the community, owe so much. Suffice it to say, that for intelligence, prudence, amiability, and religious feeling, she is all that the temperance world could desire the wife of John Gough to be. From this time his course has been one of continued conquest, travelling about ten thousand miles, and delivering about three hundred addresses each year. Wherever he has appeared, crowds have greeted him, and thousands, influenced by his eloquence, have joined the ranks of the temperance movement. His audiences have been of every description—assemblies of grave senators in halls of legislation, students in all the freshness of youth, and hardened criminals within prison walls.

'Far be it from me,' said he, 'in one of his public addresses, to boast of my exertions; yet I tell you I have spoken, in the last ten years, 300 times each year, addresses two hours in length. I have travelled 10,000 miles a-year, on the average for ten years. I have written more than 1500 letters; seen committees; and changed my residence day after day; travelling up and down the country in coaches, railway carriages, and in steam-boats, and talking from morning to night; and I enjoy, without any tonics, capital good health, except when exhausted with severe labour. A physician said one night he knew that I took stimulants. He knew it. An individual asked him how he knew it. "Because he could not perform the labour he does without it." Such a man

hours under a great mistake. When I use tea or coffee, I drink very weak. I say it is cold water appliances inside and out that enable me to do it. And sometimes when I have neuralgia, and suffer from nervous sensation of the face, I do not go to a physician to have an anodyne or morphia. I won't touch morphia in any form. When I can't sleep, I rise and take a good cold-water bath, and sit and read till I get sleepy, and then I go to bed and sleep.'

His religious impressions again returned upon him. It was through all the kindness of a brother beloved that he consented to be present one evening at a congregational soiree in connection with our own charge; and then with a delicacy peculiarly his own, he remarked, that he remembered the place, yea, the very moment, when there came back upon his memory, as if inspired by the loving lips of a mother in heaven, 'He is able to save to the uttermost;' and these words, received in faith and reliance, were the dawn of a new life in his soul.

Mr and Mrs Gough are members of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church, at Boston, under the pastoral care of the Rev. E. N. Kirk, having joined that church in May, 1844; and although residing at Boylston, continue their connection with it at the present time.

Conversing with us the other evening upon the wonderful change he had undergone, he feelingly said, 'Sometimes I doubt my own identity. Can this be the John Gough of former days? The change seems so extraordinary that I cannot realise it. I am lonely without a friend, hating everybody and everything, believing there was nothing good in the world, and that religion

was all a farce; and now, surrounded by friends, happy, and useful. Why, it seems all a dream.'

It is proper to state, that having purchased a small estate at Boylston, Worcester county, about forty miles from Boston, he usually resides there three months of the summer season, superintending farming operations, and enjoying the society of the numerous friends who visit him during the season of his relaxation. His father, whom he had not seen for twenty years, and of whom he had heard nothing for eight, was at length most remarkably discovered; and, after spending five years in America, has returned to this country, and is now residing in London.

His fame having reached Britain, and all classes of the friends of the temperance movement longing to hear him, the London Temperance League was induced to invite him to pay his native land a visit, to which he cordially responded.*

'The last night I spent in America,' says he, 'Mrs Stowe's father and mother—the venerable Dr Beecher and his wife—came across two miles to the house of Deacon Moses Grant, to spend the evening with us. The doctor has always been my friend, and treated me like a father. I sat down, and said I, "Doctor, I have paid my passage to go to England, and I feel as if I could pay just that price over again if I were detained—if something would occur to keep me back." Why was I afraid to go, he asked. "The English people and the Scotch people want argument. I cannot argue this point, for I want logic. I am no logician; I have no education. I can only go to them, and tell

* The Scottish Temperance League and the British Association for the Promotion of Temperance were the first to invite Mr Gough to visit this country.—*See Abolitionist's Journal*, June, 1854, page 139.

them just what I believe to be the truth, in my own way, and I feel that I shall not succeed ; but I tell you what I have done : I have got money in my possession—I had to go and borrow it—and as soon as I set my feet on England's shores, and make my first speech, if it's not well received, I shall come back again." "John," he said, "don't fear ; I have prayed for you, if the Lord go not up with you, to send you not over, and I mean to pray for you while you are gone. Go, and in God's name talk to the people ; and if it is God's will that you do anything for his cause, leave it with him ; go, and the blessing of an old man go with you." I took him by the hand and told him, "I will go."

His reception in this country has surpassed that of any other visitor. In London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, and Glasgow—indeed, throughout the length and breadth of the land—places of meeting have with difficulty been secured to accommodate the crowds which have been attracted by his fame. An idea of the interest he has created may be learned from the fact, that were he to fulfil all the engagements which have been offered to him, he could not return to his adopted country before 1856 ; indeed, nothing would tend to carry our cause forward to its destined position more speedily than his permanent settlement among us. At the same time, we would warn societies and friends against exacting of him too much. Dr Condict of New Jersey, in commending him to the friends of the cause in this country, says, and we beg that his counsels may be pondered :—

'While most deeply regretting the absence of our beloved and eloquent brother, we have rejoiced to know that his pre-

sence among you has been productive of so much good. We thank you, gentlemen, and through you the friends of our holy cause in Great Britain, for your kind and enthusiastic reception of him on hearsay, and although it is unnecessary to commend him to your sympathetic kindness, yet as one who has known him long and intimately, and has occupied the position of his medical adviser, I may be permitted to beg of his importunate admirers, to remember that "this sparkling jewel is contained in a very slender and delicate casket."

'During the last summer, Mr Gough had a very narrow escape from permanent disability, if not from death. Entire mental prostration very nearly ensued as the consequence of an overworked brain. He never should be permitted to judge of his own physical ability, for he has always overrated it. Three or four addresses per week are the utmost which he should be suffered to make.

'Most earnestly, therefore, do I commend my impulsive self-sacrificing friend to your unceasing and jealous guardianship, and trust that you will be able successfully to curb his proneness to overwork himself.'

From what we know experimentally of the effect of public speaking, and from what we have observed of its effects in the case of those of Mr Gough's temperament, we are disposed to think that two, or at most three, addresses in the course of a week is the utmost extent to which his strength should be taxed. Were he and his friends of the same opinion, we are persuaded that, in the long run, he would accomplish even more for the cause which he has so much at heart.

In this country, as in America, thousands, under the charm of his eloquence, have hastened to take the pledge. The place of his residence has been besieged by admirers, and the relatives of the dissipated and reformed, soliciting his advice and tendering him their thanks. One of the most touching incidents in his life he related the other evening. That morning a small parcel was left at his lodgings, containing a white cambric handkerchief, from a poor woman, with the message that when he used it in wiping the perspiration from his brow, it might remind him that he had wiped many tears from not a few faces in Edinburgh. May he long be spared to fulfil an office so godlike!

PART THIRD.

HIS ORATORY, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE fame of John Gough had preceded him. We had read in the American papers of his marvellous powers as an orator, and the wonderful effect that everywhere accompanied his advocacy of the temperance cause. We had conversed with numerous trans-atlantic friends respecting him, and their uniform declaration was, that all that was said of him was true. We had received private communications informing us that although the temperance question was to the writers by no means a new one, John Gough had presented it before them with a vividness which brought it home to their minds and hearts with a new force. We had even read the high eulogium of the gifted authoress of 'Uncle Tom :—' 'I doubt whether Mr Gough's equal was ever heard either in England or America. I never heard his equal. He will move this country.' And the no less flattering testimony of her venerable father, the Rev. Dr Beecher :—'Of his powers of argument and eloquence I cannot speak, for he must be heard to be appreciated; for though, as a christian and a man, he is diffident and "meek and lowly in heart," yet in his assaults on the citadel of Satan he mocks at fear, and is "terrible as an army with banners."' We had read the discriminating, brief, and yet most comprehensive description of his oratory, given by his own minister, the Rev. E. N. Kirk of Boston :—

'It is now more than ten years since Mr Gough entered on his noble mission, and the only perceptible change has been that of an increasing religious tone in his orations. His eloquence is wholly instinctive, as you might infer from the fact that he has enjoyed no advantages of education. His elocution is unstudied, but very effective. The root of his eloquence is sensibility. His orations have no method, but possess those chief advantages of method, unity of design and effect, with variety of means. He frequently comes to the platform without meditation, or even a selection of topics. But, by the exercise of a vigorous imagination, he brings to his view some scene of experienced misery in his bygone days; some struggle with the demon that once possessed him; some victory; some defeat; some periods of dark despair; or some dawns of hope—and his soul is on fire. Or perhaps the remembrance of some scene of domestic misery which he may have been called to witness, as the result of inebriation in a father, awaking every slumbering feeling and power of his soul. And for an hour, or an hour and a-half, he pours forth one uninterrupted torrent of anecdote, wit, sarcasm, argument, narrative, appeal, comic description, and tragic delineation of passion, without one improper expression or exaggerated statement. His audience is now convulsed with laughter—now bathed in tears.

'It may, then, be asked,—But is not his vein soon exhausted? Perhaps the best reply to this inquiry will be by the statement of one fact. It is well known that Boston is called the Athens of America. More cultivated minds and more general cultivation are found in the inhabitants of that city, than

in the same number of people elsewhere. And yet Mr Gough has delivered, before the people of Boston, nearly two hundred discourses on the one theme of temperance ; and to the last the house was full, although a fee was demanded for entrance. I fully believe that even Mr Everett himself could not draw so large an audience to hear the two hundredth lecture on any one topic, especially on one not the broadest in its range.

‘ It may be proper to suggest the only modification which I can think of to the most earnest commendation of Mr Gough as a lecturer ; he is not a scholar nor a man of science. Hence he cannot bring to his aid the vast resources of science, history, and general literature ; nor can he furnish entertainment to those who appreciate only learning, or who are seeking only knowledge : but he is a man with a heart intensely human, a soul taught in the school of the sternest experience ; a body all subservient to the guiding will, and capable of the most expressive pantomime ; a voice, rich, flexible, and persuasive ; a keen perception of the ludicrous ; a perfect control of language within a certain range ; and, altogether, an oratory that meets the great demands of that noble art, being instinctive, convincing, entertaining, and powerfully persuasive.’

And yet, with all these commendations, we were disposed to hold our opinion in abeyance, thinking that it was possible that the tastes of brother Jonathan and our own might not perfectly coincide. Now, then, we have seen and heard him for ourselves, and our honest avowal is, ‘ Howbeit, I believed not their words until I came, and mine eyes had seen it, and behold, the one-half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not

told me; for thou exceedest the fame that I heard.' And yet, while we say this of him, we do not pretend that he is possessed of every quality which belongs to the orator or public teacher. There are men upon the temperance platform even, who in some respects surpass him; but we are persuaded that no other man upon the temperance platform will, to the same extent, command the respect of all classes, and carry conviction home to so many minds.

The adage, *Poeta nascitur, orator fit*, is not in accordance with truth. The orator is born such, as truly as is the poet. Indeed, the qualities essential to the one are essential to the other. Eloquence requires genius as much as poetry. He is not an orator who gets the largest number of hearers—for mere buffoonery or sparkling wit may have that; but he is an orator who most effectively gains his cause. It may be, no doubt, true that oratory in one view may be regarded as an art, and as such may be capable of cultivation. The poorest speaker may learn to speak better by practice, and a careful correction of natural defects, and diligent acquisition of the qualities of those who have excelled in the pulpit or on the platform. We might never have heard even of Demosthenes or Cicero, if they had not devoted themselves to their art with praiseworthy assiduity. Yet Mr Gough stepped at once upon the stage of public life, and the first time he delivered a formal address established for himself a reputation which ten years' speaking has only confirmed. Like a soul suddenly waking up in a new world, and finding itself in the possession of faculties exactly adapted to all the offices of the life into which it has been ushered, Mr Gough

found himself in possession of a power of which he had previously no knowledge. Alluding to his first appearance, he says, 'At this time nothing was farther from my intentions than becoming a public speaker.' He then, at least, was born an orator. The end of popular address is to sway mind. And he is the orator who most effectively gains this end. He who most speedily and most firmly lays hold of the sympathies of his auditors, and who secures most readily a candid hearing, and by the force of his arguments and appeals carries with him their convictions, is the most accomplished orator. Such being the end of oratory, it is not necessary that it should be formed according to any recognised model, or regulated by any arbitrary rules. And tried by this standard, Mr Gough is an orator of the first order.

The bar, the pulpit, the parliament, and the platform, are the chief places for the display of oratorical power. Around the bar there cluster the names of the most eminent men of any age, and yet it labours under a disadvantage. The fact that the advocate is but a paid agent, divests him greatly of moral strength, and induces his hearers to receive all his appeals as specimens of artistic display, rather than heartfelt bursts of a mind contending solely for the truth. And yet, with all these disadvantages, the bar has often been the scene of mighty triumphs in oratory. In parliament a speaker ever labours under the disadvantage of having every word watched, and every statement scrutinised by able opponents, and the fear of the slightest ascent into the sublime, calling down upon him a torrent of irony. It is in the pulpit and on the platform alone,

that a speaker finds freedom to give scope to his conceptions and wings to his fancy. And Guthrie in the pulpit, and Gough on the platform, have in these departments no rivals. Indeed, it is the freshness and originality of his speaking that makes crowds flock to hear him who have no liking for his theme. He has been compared to Gavazzi, and certainly he reminds one of the eloquent Padre before any other; but in many points they differ. He wants Gavazzi's noble figure and tragic mien; but Gavazzi wants his capacity of tender feeling and mimic power. Doubtless the difference between them is rendered more marked by the nature of the different themes of which they treat; and perhaps an exchange of them would be to the advantage of neither.

Conceive, then, of the largest church in Edinburgh crowded with two thousand five hundred human beings—gallery, area, platform, pulpit stairs, window-sills, and every available space crammed with expectant men and women. Such was the scene which met our gaze one Monday evening, as we found our way through the vestry door to the only half foot of standing room we could as a great favour secure. Such was the scene we looked upon; and although we had beheld within the same month a dozen scenes of the same kind, and lost as many nights' sleep with their consequent excitement, it had to us all the freshness of a most attractive novelty. Let a stranger, then, suppose a small table-like platform in front of the precentor's desk, into which the chairman has found an entrance after a squeeze, of which his portly frame might not soon recover, but for the restorative power of the cold water system. The applause con-

sequent upon the announcement of the speaker has scarcely subsided, when a little man is observed rising, and, by the aid of a chair, half leaping upon the platform.

The first feeling of a stranger on seeing Gough is that of disappointment. His appearance by no means betokens the possession of any power fitted to command. His figure is spare, and with something of the awkwardness of a young person of great modesty, he waits the silence necessary to a commencement. Pale and 'so attenuated that a tolerably persevering gust of wind would have no difficulty in puffing him to any required point of the compass.' More than once his personal appearance has occasioned ludicrous mistakes. One evening, on approaching the place of meeting, he found all the approaches blocked up by those disappointed of admission. 'Would you be kind enough to make way?' said the speaker. 'We wish we could,' was the reply. 'Make way for Mr Gough, if you please, gentlemen.' 'Make way for Mr Gough! we are quite up to that dodge now. Two or three Mr Goughs are in already.' 'Oh, but I am Mr Gough, I assure you.' 'Do you think,' said one of those appealed to, 'that Mr Gough is an insignificant creature like you?' But he has only spoken a few words, when the man is lost sight of in his subject and the noble conceptions he gives utterance to. On observing him, however, more closely, his personal appearance is remarkable. Rather little in stature, as we have said; of slender form, like one who has roughed the world, yet his countenance soon tells of the character of the mind that sits modestly concealed behind that wan, sallow complexion; his hair is dark, and rather long, so that when he has

got thoroughly into his subject, his appearance at times is peculiarly tragic.

The first thing perhaps that discovers his power as a speaker is a stroke of HUMOUR. 'I stand before you to-night, gentlemen, for the purpose of speaking the truth. Truth never yet hurt any one; if, then, I do utter aught that does wound, may the Lord heal it!' The effect of this is that happy state of mind that will even bear hard hits without grumbling. His humour equally discovers itself in telling a story. We will not soon forget the effect produced upon the students of the Edinburgh University, when he had the honour of addressing them, by the following ludicrous illustrations:—

'We have sometimes laughed at the intoxication of a drunkard, and when we laugh at anything, our capacity for appreciating its serious lessons is lowered. If you laugh at a lunatic, you destroy in a great degree your power to appreciate the terrible nature of his malady. I have laughed at the drunkard. I could not help it. I remember seeing a man in a state of intoxication, attempting to wheel another in a similar state through a street in New York. The tipsy gravity—you all know how ludicrous a drunkard looks when he tries to appear sober—with which the one held the handles, and the other tried to keep his balance, looking now on one side, and now on another, was irresistibly ludicrous. At length the barrow turned over, and out he rolled. (Laughter.) Turning round to his companion, he said "You are drunk." (Laughter.) A blow was struck, and at it they went, hitting the air. If Russia and Turkey never come nearer together than those two drunkards did in that

battle, there will not be much trouble in the camp. They hit in every direction, until at last one of them put up his hand, and that happened to hit the other, and they fell one upon the other. (Laughter.) Dr Johnson must have had such a scene as that in his mind's eye when he described "higgledy—piggledy" to be "a conglomerated mass of heterogeneous matter." (Laughter.) Their feelings, however, rose to a pitch of most uproarious hilarity when he told them of two students who *roomed* it while at college. They slept in the same room, but in different beds. Being upon one of those frolics too common during university studies, they returned at night with sense hardly sufficient to conduct them to their own apartment. Instead of getting as usual into separate beds, they both got into the same one. 'Well, Bill, how do you get along?' 'Pretty well; but have got a fellow in bed with me.' 'So have I.' 'What shall we do with them?' 'Kick yours out, and I'll kick mine.' 'Well, Bill, how do you get along now?' 'I have kicked my man out.' 'Well, mine has kicked me out.' But while excitement was at its highest by such a story, told with a humour peculiarly his own, aware of the danger of tiring one set of emotions by too prolonged a trial of their strength, and conscious that truth is never more striking than when presented in contrast, he, with admirable adroitness, changed the scene, and the hearts which but a moment before overflowed with mirth, now heaved with sadness. It was the story of one who had graduated at a Scotch university, and who, after having disgraced himself at home, emigrated to America. Here he found a situation as a professor of literature; but his evil geni never

forsook him. While seated by the fire-place of his wretched abode, he was informed by a neighbour that his wife was dead. 'Dead!' he exclaimed; 'she has played me that trick too often. Dead! I'll put an end to her deception.' And rising from his seat, he dealt a blow which fearfully disfigured the countenance of the deceased.

PATOS is undoubtedly Mr Gough's *forte*. He is never more effective than when telling some touching incident, or describing some affecting scene. He finds his way directly to the heart; at his advances every avenue is freely thrown open. Himself a creature of strong domestic affections, he knows the power of all home feelings. They are no mere maiden's tears that flow under his influence. We have witnessed men unused to the gentler mood, vainly struggling to conceal their emotions, and at length acknowledging the struggle to be vain. The other evening, in the course of one of his addresses, he introduced an allusion to the Saviour's death. We have listened to more graphic and elaborate descriptions. We have witnessed the scene invested with more of the romance of poetry; but never had we so vivid a conception of the hour of the travail of the Redeemer's soul. A gentle throwing back of the head, leaving the wan face of the speaker fully free, while flowing with perspiration, a single movement of the hand around the brow, and there was the meek and unresisting victim pale, and bleeding, bearing that most impressive and befitting thorny wreath, as he passes in the triumph of truth from the dishonoured seat of justice, calm in the dignity of conscious innocence, and firm in the purpose of eternal love, through the heaving waves of a

brutal and reviling crowd, amid the tears and lamentations of the daughters of Jerusalem, onward to the conquest of Calvary. From this, and similar manifestations of pathetic power, allied with singular powers of illustration, we have no hesitation in saying, that were Mr Gough's place the pulpit, and his theme scriptural subjects, he would be without a rival on either side of the Atlantic. Speaking of his pathos, we may give another illustration:—

'I once rode,' said he, 'with a man for about twelve miles, whose story was most affecting. He had then two splendid horses, with silver-mounted harness, and a handsome vehicle. "Ah!" said he, "if you had only seen me eight years ago, you would have thought me in a sorry plight. All that I had in the world was on my miserable cart, which was drawn by a lean and shabby animal. Now, I've a good team, and a nice little property. My good old father and mother live in the town where we are going, and we must make haste and join them. See how my horses go,"—and away we went right merrily. That man was naturally most kind-hearted, and at the time I speak of, was a religious man—a member of a christian church; but when he was intemperate, it was far otherwise. Tears ran down his cheeks as he told me how he once treated his boy. "I came home," he said, "irritated with drink, and ready to vent my anger upon anything. My boy came in, but the moment he saw me, he darted away. I called him back, and then saw that his face was bloody; his lip was cut and his eye swollen. 'What have you been doing?' 'I've been fighting, father.' 'What for?' 'Don't ask me, father; I don't want to

tell you.' 'What (in an angry tone) have you been fighting about?—tell me this instant.' 'Oh, don't ask me, father; I can't tell you!' I took the boy by the collar, and struck him with my shut fist on the side of the head. 'Boy,' I said fiercely, 'now tell me, or I'll cut the life out of you.' 'I don't want to, father.' I struck him another blow, and then he rubbed his hand across his eyes, bringing away tears and blood, and said, 'Don't strike me any more, father, and I'll tell you.' 'Well, what is it?' 'A boy down there told me my father was a poor old drunkard, and I fought him for it; and if he tells me so again, I'll whip him again, if you kill me for it.'"

The tumult of applause, in which the audience found relief, told that the imitation given of the rough coarse voice of the father, and the piteous tones of the noble-hearted boy, who would have died in shielding the character of the father who had disgraced him, had left no heart untouched, and carried captive every drunkard in the assembly. Nor are his triumphs in this department a mere playing upon the sympathies of his hearers. There is no turning to the chairman, while his audience is flooded in tears, and saying, as did a certain popular actor to his companion in the scene, without relaxing the features that had broken up the fountains of feeling, 'Those people in the pit would be the better of umbrellas.' The feelings of the orator, speaking through the very tones of his voice, are truthful reporters of his own conceptions. Mr Gough feels deeply, and therefore his speaking tells powerfully.

HIS ILLUSTRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE POWERS are scarcely inferior to any other quality he possesses. He has, first of all,

a quick perception of what will present his thoughts in a striking form; and then he has the physical, emotional, and mental power to embody his conceptions by expression, action, and tones of voice such as have been rarely, if ever, equalled. A speaker of this cast can never fail to be popular. We have been told respecting perhaps the most popular preacher of our day, that on being settled in a small rural parish, he found his congregation to consist of a set of the most drowsy characters he had ever addressed. A friend at length said to him, 'How comes it, sir, that you, who can keep an entire company alive, can't keep awake your own congregation? why not try your power of story-telling on them?' The thought was new; it was instantly acted upon, and from that day till now, he has never had to complain of a sleepy congregation. An illustrative speaker cannot but be a memorable one. Whatever be the subject of which we are treating, and however dull our audience, we no sooner betake ourselves to anecdote or illustration till all are alive. It is no doubt true, that unless they convey some moral, they are worse than useless, and will only excite the suspicion of mental poverty on the part of those who use them.

No remark has been more common than that Mr Gough is as much the actor as the orator. 'We took the opportunity,' says one critic, 'of witnessing the *performance* of Mr J. B. Gough.' 'So long as Gough remains in town, I won't enter the theatre,' said a commercial traveller, in the act of pouring brandy into a glass of water before him. Now there must be some foundation for a remark so general. Is it then disparaging to Mr Gough's oratory? We think not. It may be that his pre-

vious tastes and pursuits account so far for his dramatic style, but we apprehend that it is mainly owing to the marvellous facility with which his thoughts find embodiment in action.

‘Expression is the dress of thought.’

So says Pope. What is it that gives such superiority to composition *spoken* over composition *read*, but the meaning which tones and gestures impart? and he who can by tones and gestures make his thoughts *tell* most powerfully, gains most successfully the grand end of speech. Mr Gough has not supplied us with a single new thought; even many of his stories are familiar, and yet with what effect has he discoursed on a common-place theme! To be appreciated, he must be heard and seen. Even were the *ipsissima verba* given, no adequate idea could be conveyed of the beauty and force of his addresses. He was the other evening happily characterised as ‘an illustrated edition of the temperance advocate.’

Who can ever forget his description of a pleasure party on the Rapids, or a ship in a storm? More extraordinary exhibitions of speaking talents we have never *witnessed*; we say witnessed, because Mr Gough read, and Mr Gough seen, are two very different things. While yet his audience are thrilled with horror, or excited with admiration, then comes the moral. Never have we witnessed an effect produced upon a meeting equal to that produced by the delivery of the following: ‘I remember,’ said he, ‘riding towards the Niagara Falls, and I said to a gentleman near me, “What river is that, sir?” “The Niagara river,” he replied. “Well,” said I, “it is a beautiful

stream, bright, smooth, and glassy : how far off are the Rapids?" "About a mile or two." "Is it possible that only a mile or two from us we shall find the water in such turbulence as I presume it must be near the Falls?" "You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and that first sight of the Niagara I shall never forget.

'Now launch your bark upon the Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful, and glassy; there is a ripple at the bow; the silvery wake you leave behind only adds to your enjoyment; down the stream you glide; you have oars, mast, sail, and rudder, prepared for every contingency, and thus you go out on your pleasure excursion. Some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The Rapids are below you." "Ha! ha! we have heard of the Rapids below us, but we are not such fools as to get into them; when we find we are going too fast to suit our convenience, then hard up the helm, and steer to shore; when we find we are passing a given point too rapidly, then we will set the mast in socket, hoist the sail, and speed to land." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The Rapids are below you." "Ha! ha! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us; what care we for the future? No man ever saw it. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' We will enjoy life while we may, and catch pleasure as it flies. This is the time for enjoyment: time enough to steer out of danger when we find we are sailing too swiftly with the stream." "Young men, ahoy!" "What is it?" "The Rapids are below you. Now see the water foaming all around you—see how fast you go; now hard at the

helm!—quick! quick!—pull for your very lives!—pull till the blood starts from your nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon the brow! set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail!" Ah! it is too late. Shrieking, cursing, howling, blaspheming, over you go; and thousands thus go over every year by the power of evil habit, declaring, "When I find out that it is injuring me, then I will give it up." The pleasantry of the sailing party, the warnings from the shore, and then the horror when on the very brink of the awful catastrophe, were given with a truthfulness which rendered it the most vivid and powerful scene ever presented by a speaker to our imagination.

Mr Gough possesses in an eminent degree what almost no other public speaker ever makes the slightest pretensions to—we mean **TRAGIC POWER**. Unembarrassed by conventional rules, he expresses every passion, from the most tender to the most hideous, with an overwhelming reality. 'He paces up and down twelve or twenty feet of platform, judiciously left clear for him,' says the *Nonconformist*—'paces up and down like an inspired madman, with hands clenched as in agony, or pawing the air to keep off the ghosts of memory—pouring out words with such spontaneity that they sometimes seem to tumble one over another, and smother meaning in their fall—scarcely stopping at a cheer, never inviting one. He tells you with gestures even more significant than his passionate and sometimes beautiful words,—how he went out from the home of a poor but pious, loving mother—wandered from the straight road—was whipped by demons over an arid desert—fed upon the hot sand in his burning thirst—felt a word of mercy like cooling water on his tongue

—saw a rainbow of hope over the abyss of seven years of sin—and was restored to strength and purity, if not to happiness.'

That which, on the lips of another, would be bombast, is on his lips true oratory. What other speaker would attempt a flight so daring as the following, and be rewarded with a cordial outburst of genuine feeling instead of a torrent of derision that would send him home a wiser man? 'Look at a drunkard! What is he? Look at him! Gibbering in the idiocy of drunkenness, the dull waters of disease standing stagnant in his eyes, sensuality seated upon his cracked swollen lips. What is he? His intellectual become devil, his animal become beast. What is he? See him swept out with the pitiful leavings of a dram-shop, the horrible stench of the last night's debauch clinging to him. What is he? Society has shaken him out of her superabundant lap as a thing unworthy of love or pity. Yet is he a man—not a thing; a man—not an animal; a being, having a man's heart, a man's brain, a man's sensibility,—that can stand up and say, "I am greater than all God's material universe; that is but the nursery of my infant soul, sublime as it is. Which is greater, the child or the nursery? I am greater than God's material universe. I can say to the sun, 'I am greater than thou art, thou glorious orb, for I shall be when thou art not. When thou hast perished, when ten thousand storms have passed over the mountain tops; when the lightnings of heaven shall no longer play on the highest pinnacles of the earth; when the stars shall melt and disappear; when the universe shall be moved as a cottage, and all material things shall pass away in the final crash of doom—I shall still live; for within me is the fire of God, a spark of immortality

that cannot be put out.'” (Loud applause.) Now look at him—poor, miserable, besotted, creeping wretch, in his deep, dark, damning debasement, and will you not curse the influence that makes him what he is? Will you not, in the name of a common humanity, come up upon the mighty battle-plain, and war against the instrumentality that thus debases a human brother?”

Although he professes no talent for poetry, he evidently possesses poetic inspiration in a very high degree. The conception of the following is as much distinguished by genius as its delivery was distinguished by the highest oratorical power:—
‘No man ever received solid satisfaction in wicked pursuits that he could long enjoy and hold fast. “Aha! aha!” he says, “now I am happy.” It has gone from him. And the enjoyment that men can obtain in this world, apart from the enjoyments that God has sanctioned, are enjoyments that lead to destruction, through the power of fascination, habit, and excitement. It is as if a man should start in a chase after a bubble. Attracted by its bright and gorgeous hue, a gay set of merry companions with him, it leads him through vineyards, under trellised vines, with grapes hanging in all their purple glory—through orchards, under trees, bearing their golden, pulpy fruit—by sparkling fountains, with the music of singing birds. He looks at life through a rose-coloured medium; and he leads a merry chase. In the excitement he laughs and dances, and dives and laughs again. It is a merry chase. By and by that excitement becomes intense—its intensity becomes a passion—its passion becomes a disease. Now his eye is fixed upon it with

earnestness, and now he leaps with desperation, pleasure, and disappointment, mingled with excitement; now it leads him away from all that is bright and beautiful—from all the tender, clustering, hallowed associations of bygone days; it leads him up the steep hot sides of a fearful volcano. Now there is pain, anguish in the chase. He leaps, falls, and rises; scorched, and bruised, and blistered. Yet still the excitement and power of evil habit become almost a passion. He forgets all that is past, or strives to forget it in his trouble. He leaps again. It is gone! He curses and bites his lips in agony. He shrieks the wild, almost wailing shriek of despair. Yet still he pursues his prize, knee-deep in the hot ashes. He staggers up, with torn limbs and bruised, the last semblance of humanity scorched out of him. Yet there is his prize, and he will have it. With a desperate effort he makes one more leap; and he has got it now; but he has leaped into the crater with it, and with a bursted bubble in his hand he goes to his retribution!

Some have complained of Mr Gough's want of the argumentative, and a more thorough dealing with the philosophy of the question. To reason, however, it is not necessary to employ the form of argumentation. Mr Gough reasons by means of facts and figures, and by a single illustration carries to the mind a conviction more deep and abiding than any form of logic ever could. His mode is to make a statement, sometimes very startling, and then, by a simple illustration, leave upon the mind a conviction of the soundness of his position. For instance, he asserts that the moderate drinker is more dangerous to society than the drunkard; and ere that portion of his audience who feel

their conduct impugned, have recovered from the shock which the speaker's audacity has given them, he has them half convinced that he is right and they are wrong. 'You are walking along the street,' he says, 'and you meet a drunkard,' and here the speaker's power of mimicking comes to his aid—there is the maudlin look, and the zig-zag gait, and the drivelling tone of voice; 'and he lays his hand upon your shoulder, and asks you to turn in with him to the adjoining shop and have a dram; and if your boy waits till he takes his first glass with a creature like that, he is safe. But the same evening a fair one challenges you to drink, and you reply, "with pleasure, madam." Now, no argument could be half so effective in carrying conviction upon one of the most important points of the whole question.

That Mr Gough is possessed of a fine sense of discrimination and analysis is equally evident. When was ever the danger from constitutional temperament better put than in the following passage:—'I consider drunkenness not only to be a moral evil, but a physical evil; and it depends greatly, in my opinion, upon the temperament, the constitution, and the disposition of the young man, whether, if he follows the drinking usages of society, it becomes a habit and conquers him by its fascination, or not, more than it depends upon his strength of mind, his power of intellect, or his genius. Here is an illustration that I have more than once used in this country; and when I can find a better one, I will drop this and give it you; but I am not going to lose an illustration simply because some here may have heard it from me before. Let us take three young men, and place them in the same position of society, and see which is the

most liable to form a habit of drinking which shall bring him to disgrace, degradation, and ruin. Let me describe them if I am able. We have among us men of a cold, phlegmatic temperament,—men that very seldom laugh at anything, and they very seldom see anything to cry about. They have feelings as other people have, but they are moderate in all their manifestations; they are constitutionally moderate men. They are very much like a lot of tunes boxed up in a barrel-organ: you turn a crank, and you get tune after tune, without the slightest variation for twenty years perhaps; and if you turn for twenty years longer, you may get still the same music, with a few cracks in the notes. There is the constitutionally moderate man: his temperament stands between him and excess. He always wants a joke explained to him before he can understand it; and it is very hard to offend him, for the arrow must be very sharp that will penetrate the thick bosses of his impenetrability. There is a man so constituted that he may use intoxicating liquors without acquiring the habit. He is a moderate man, and is not liable to be drawn into any excess. I read in the *Christian Almanack* the other day, that a gentleman said, "I have drunk a bottle of wine every day for the last fifty years, and I enjoy capital health." "Yes;" replied his friend, "but what has become of your companions?" "Ah!" said he, "that is another thing; I have buried three generations of them." There is many a man in this city sixty years of age, who, if he looked back upon the past thirty years, could call to mind many who have drunk wine with him at his own table, who are now in a drunkard's grave; and he will be startled if he will let the long fingers of his

memory draw into the chambers of that memory the forms and faces of those who have passed away into disgrace and death, while many remain steady, moderate drinkers, for their very temperament stands between them and excess. Then take another man, of a close-fisted temperament; I do not mean to say absolutely stingy, but having the disposition of the two boys of whom the old lady said that if you were to shut them up in a room by themselves they would make a pound a-piece trading jackets. Take a youth like that, with his calculating turn of mind, always looking out for the "main chance." He will probably grow up to be a man something like a member of the church they told me of in Albany. He stood up, and began to tell his brethren how cheap it was to be a member of the church, and he said, "I have been a member of the church for the last ten years, and I am thankful to say that the whole expense of my church-membership has been only about two shillings;" whereupon the minister said he hoped the Lord would have mercy on his poor stingy soul. Now take another young man (I am not speaking of the converted man, restrained by the special grace of God), one full of poetry, of a nervous temperament, easily excited, fond of society, a man of genius, power, and intellect, who will make a garden of green things all around him; everybody loves him, he is such a noble-hearted, open-handed, generous-souled fellow. That is the man most likely to become intemperate. He enters into the outer circle of the whirlpool with a gay set of companions, waving the half-emptied gleaming goblet, singing the joyous song, "Throw care to the winds. Ha! ha! Nobody ever saw to-morrow."

Round and round they sail, every circle becoming narrower and narrower, and swifter and swifter, until they are drawn right into the vortex and utterly ruined before they dream that they are in danger.'

While it would be wrong to ascribe Mr Gough's power to any one quality, much of it doubtless lies in the religious feeling by which he is possessed, and which often gives a most healthy and impressive tone to his addresses; indeed, we have sometimes thought that the cause of religion will reap as much good indirectly, as temperance itself from his visit to this country. In addition to his frequent references to scripture, and allusions of a religious character, his explicit acknowledgments of its importance in alliance with the movement have been most refreshing. But in addition to all this, he affords a striking illustration of the old pagan remark—'He is a terrible man that does one thing;' and of the secret of his power who said, 'This one thing I do.' A man, to be truly great at any one time, must be, as it were, the embodiment and representation of one idea. The man who can speak upon any subject with most creditable ability, will not be so mighty for good as he would be did he but speak upon one. Gough, by confining himself to a single theme, becomes the embodiment of the one great truth he advocates. The man who has but one topic is felt to be terribly in earnest; and by his devotion to that one theme, he becomes greater in its illustration than if his attention and study were divided among a dozen. Sincerity, earnestness, determination, evince themselves in every address; and it is these, allied with powers of the highest order, which give him such supremacy on the

temperance platform. 'You have been pleased to speak of my efforts,' said he at his farewell soiree in Edinburgh. 'Why, I could not help making these efforts, for without them I could not lie down and sleep. It is necessary to my very existence that I should make these exertions; for I suppose I am like one of your dolls with quicksilver in them—I must always be moving up and down—(laughter and applause)—I am like a jumping-jack, and if the string be not pulled this way, it would be pulled some other.' (Renewed laughter and cheers.)

Mr Gough's mission is doubtless to create an interest upon a question which all admit to be important, but which few will consider with candour and attention. And in fitting him for this office, God has qualified him in a remarkable manner. Why was such a susceptibility of feeling, why was such a power of utterance, why was such a skill of delineation given to one man? Why did he pass through a course so varied, and witness evil in some of its most appalling forms, and know wretchedness in some of its lowest depths? What was all this but the tuning of the instrument, the education most appropriate for the mission to which it was preparatory? That such a nature should have given way before the tide of temptation by which it was met, we wonder not; we wonder rather that a bark so frail should have outlived such a storm. We stand not forward as the apologist for any man's errors. Sins keenly scrutinised by their perpetrator—folies mourned over by the soul that has reaped their bitter fruits—acts which have been subjected to the severest self-censure, are placed alike beyond either apology or reproof. But if these most touching confessions uncover the hell of agony

in which the inebriate agonises, and begets in any mind the resolution to shun the alluring path which opens amid flowers, but conducts to the region of a drunkard's woe, we hail the messenger, and God speed his mission.

'I would give my right hand to-night,' said he, with most significant emphasis, 'if I could forget that which I learned in evil society—if I could for ever tear from my remembrance scenes that I have witnessed, transactions that have taken place before me—if I could forget that which I have learned, and that which I have read. Oh, young men! you might as well undertake to take the stain out of the snow as to take away the effect of one impure thought lodged and harboured in the heart. You may pray against it, and, by God's grace, you may conquer it, but it will ever be a thorn in the flesh to you. It will ever be to you a remembrance of the past, and will cause you bitterness and anguish. Is it not a fearful position for a man to lie down to sleep, and to have abominable visions all around him, until he will start from his bed, and wipe his eyes, and pace the floor, and kneel down and pray; and then lie down again, and as he closes his eyes, some scene of vile debauchery is there before him?'

That Mr Gough's oratory is not faultless, his most discerning friends will be the last to deny. We no more would contend that he is a perfect orator, than that he is a perfect man.

'Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.'

His defects and blemishes have been fully pointed out by the

public press, and generally in a spirit of generous criticism; and he is too wise a man not to profit by them. Our object has not been to criticise, but to describe; and in closing, we would simply add, that all in all, we have never seen, and never expect to see, his equal on the temperance or any other platform.

One thing has surprised us in listening to Gough, and it is this, that his recitation of poetry never produces a telling effect. It is not so with other speakers. Let a few lines be quoted, and there is a deeper attention and evident elevation of feeling in the audience. Now, why is it not so in the case before us? Is it that Mr Gough recites poetry indifferently? While he greatly surpasses most men in the manner in which he quotes from the poets, we do not think that he is equal to himself in this department. But the reason, we apprehend, is chiefly to be found in the fact that his entire addresses are so full of poetry, that a formal quotation forms no sufficient contrast to the general style, greatly to impress. Poetry in the addresses of others rises from the level of common prose, and hence the contrast is apparent, and the effect consequently perceptible. And here, we think, may be found one of the defects of Mr Gough's oratory. Powerful as it is, it would be more so did a less impassioned style pervade his addresses. It is well to be sometimes on the mountain tops; but, we confess, that in general we like to gaze from the plain beneath on these glorious seats on which sit enthroned the majesty of Nature.

He is, no doubt, greatly indebted to his voice. It is one of singular compass and flexibility—passing rapidly from the hoarse, rough cry of the naval commander, as he issues his orders

through his speaking-trumpet, to the gentle whisper of a little child. More still is he indebted to his fine ear. Again and again he has avowed his passion for music. Now, no man ever can be a good speaker without a good ear. Ear is as essential to speaking as it is to music. Wherein then lies the peculiarity of Mr Gough's power? Other speakers may possess greater powers of argumentation and equal capability of presenting their thoughts in the garb of appropriate illustration. Others may equal him in the richness of their voice, and the correctness of their ear. He may not surpass others in the depth of his religious feelings and in the earnestness of his purpose. Not a few may equal him in the experience of a drunkard's wretchedness; but he surpasses all in his power of presenting scenes and conceptions by appropriate tones, attitudes, and expressions. In a word, his style is dramatic—it is true to nature, and therefore it is effective.

One to establish for himself an abiding fame as an orator, must think well and speak well. The fame of Demosthenes and Cicero, in ancient times, and that of Sheridan, Burke, and Fox, in modern times, rests chiefly upon the proofs of intellectual might which they have left in their published speeches. However well one may speak, if that be all that he excels in, his fame will not likely survive himself. Now, it is chiefly as a speaker that Mr Gough is eminent. It is more in the way he says a thing than in the thing itself that the secret of his power is to be found. When we say so we are far from disparaging his intellectual abilities. He possesses a superior mind, and treats of the temperance question with great ability. He has, how-

ever, his equals, and perhaps his superiors, as a thinker upon this subject, but he stands alone as a speaker.

Extraordinary as Gough's speaking is at all times, it is by no means equal. We have invariably observed that with a packed house, and after a few days' rest, he has discovered most ease and elasticity. This must be the case with all speakers, more or less, especially with those who depend upon impulse. Neither we, nor he, will soon forget his first appearance in Edinburgh. The Music Hall was not quite full; yet a large meeting for an autumn evening. While in the course of his address there were many admirable points, the address, as a whole, did not tell as it did upon a Glasgow audience only two nights before. He even paused half way, and solicited a more attentive hearing, as some were leaving the house and disturbing the meeting. Such was his first meeting in Edinburgh; and after having given some score of additional addresses, in his farewell speech he said he never would forget it; he was, as he expressed it, 'terribly in the blues.' At the close of the meeting, he feelingly expressed to us his disappointment and chagrin, and declared that he could not again face an Edinburgh audience. The thought of it had haunted him from his first intention of paying a visit to this country. Two or three things accounted to us for his failing in being that night equal to himself, — fatigue, a house not crammed full, and chief of all, his diffidence. By the next evening he was completely rested; and a house crowded in every corner told him that all his fears were groundless. He had not spoken ten minutes till Dr Brown whispered in our ear, 'He is himself

to-night;' and an address equally distinguished for all that can commend a speaker or his subject has seldom been delivered.

Extraordinary as is Mr Gough's speaking in itself, it is more so when it is borne in mind that he delivers four or five addresses of two hours' length each week, and that he never prepares by committing his thoughts previously to paper. 'I have never been in the habit of arranging my thoughts or ideas previous to coming before an assembly,' said he, when addressing a meeting of young men in London. What, then, would be his appearances did he avail himself of the advantage which previous careful preparation undoubtedly affords the most gifted speakers? At the same time, by frequent repetition, his thoughts come to be fully stereotyped in his mind; and thus, his best passages are given word for word in different places.

On his recent visit to Edinburgh in connection with the anniversary of the Scottish Temperance League, we confess we were not without apprehensions as to his ability to satisfy the extraordinary expectations which he had excited. What could he say after having said so much? The result proved how groundless were all our fears. There he was even more brilliant and powerful than ever. Never in that hall, which has re-echoed to the eloquence of a Whately, a Macaulay, and a Russell, was there witnessed an equal triumph of oratorical power. It was the climax of even Gough's eloquence. The peroration, which consisted of a panegyric in praise of water, wound the feelings of the audience to an elevation which has but seldom been reached under the sway of any other speaker. Only one good song, it is said, has ever been written which had water

for its theme. Yet even with a theme so unpoetic, the genius of a Tannahill and a Gough can find an appropriate utterance where inferior minds would render their inferiority only more apparent. And yet, on afterwards referring to the success of this extraordinary display of oratory, he assured us that "when he rose to speak, he knew not one word of what he was about to utter." Some may be disposed to question the propriety of thus relying upon the impulse of the moment, but Gough is not to be judged by ordinary rules. As may be supposed, the mental process by which such addresses are produced must be of no ordinary kind. The thoughts he utters are not a tithe of what are passing through his mind. Every new idea suggested has in its train a perfect host of illustrations; and hence he is not only pouring out his thoughts with that fluency so peculiar to himself, but is accepting and rejecting thoughts and illustrations which, under the inspiration of the occasion, are ceaselessly welling up from his own exhaustless memory and imagination.

We have spoken of his diffidence, and may give an instance of it. Having come to Boston, he found that his old friend Deacon Grant had got up a meeting for him on the following evening. The thing was unexpected. He had spoken frequently in the same city; he could not recollect what he had said; he pled to get off, but all in vain. That night he slept little, next day he turned about like a fish out of the water, the hour of meeting came, twice he was at the door and turned away again, a third time he approached: 'Not room for another one,' shouted one of the door-keepers, as hundreds were leaving the place. 'Glad to hear it,' said Mr Gough. 'O, we

shall find room for you.' He reached the platform. After a most earnest prayer, he stood up, pale and haggard, and said, 'I, this moment, wish as did a certain distinguished orator upon another occasion, that your heads were cabbage.' The mirth occasioned by an introduction so strange had just subsided, when he added, 'No; I don't;' and, as if in a moment, divesting himself of all his timidity, he proceeded in that strain which has so often thrilled thousands; and in that same city he afterwards delivered several scores of addresses. The other evening, in the course of conversation, he feelingly expressed the effect upon his own mind of his wonderful popularity. 'When I look round,' said he, 'upon those great audiences, and when I am greeted by the applause which never ceases to ring in my ears, instead of being elated, I am bowed down under a sense of the most absolute weakness. Oh, no one could believe my distress in the prospect of addressing so many!'

It cannot be doubted that much of Mr Gough's success arises from the times in which his lot has been cast. Had he appeared thirty years ago, and spoken as he does, he might have been regarded as only a clever fool. Napoleon's appeal to his soldiers under the shadow of the Pyramids of Egypt—'Forty centuries look down upon you;' and Nelson's famous saying before the battle of Trafalgar—'England expects every man to do his duty,'—derived all their force, and took rank among the finest specimens of military and naval eloquence, in consequence of the circumstances in which they were uttered. We recollect of reading in the life of Dr M'Crie, that he published a work upon the subject of Church Establishments, which fell dead on its first

appearance, but which rose to a most vigorous existence so soon as the question of which it treated became the subject of the day. Gough, therefore, owes much to the public sentiment in behalf of his theme, which less famous advocates had been instrumental in creating.

The effect of his eloquence we regard as a proof that even in these days of the might of the press, the platform is as mighty an engine as ever. We are told that with the advance of intelligence there will come a decline of the power of the public teacher. We don't believe it. They labour in a common field, and yet the one cannot supersede the other. The permanency of the speaker's vocation is founded in a law of human nature. As long as there is pathos in tones, and expressions in looks, his office will assert its supremacy. The entire press of the kingdom, aided even by the power of steam, could not have so effectually awakened the response of almost every home in the land, and shaken so terribly the very strongholds of Satan, as the single voice of this remarkable man.

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